

THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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See TERMS, &c., on BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Poetry.

In an Old Church.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The rushing stream of life flows by ;
But this old church, with unlocked door,
Offers to us a sanctuary,
As oft it did in days of yore
To haunted ones, in stress and strain,
Who ne'er its altar sought in vain.

So strong the doors, so thick the walls,
They make a refuge and a hush,
They shut away the many calls
Of this hard world, and all its rush ;
Only the old bell in the tower
Reminds us of the passing hour,

Easy enough it is to pray
Unhindered by the words of men ;
And here for strength of heart we stay
Ere mingling with the crowd again ;
This is the home of peace and rest,
Where the soul ends in God her quest.

These walls through centuries have stood,
And many a purpose great and high,
Of service for the people's good,
Was born within in days gone by ;
And crowds as earnest as were they,
Will come to worship here to-day.

And surely none can fail to take
Into their hearts, for future thought,
The silent sermons these walls make
On worthy labors nobly wrought :
Good workers were they in the past—
Work that we love is work to last.

And as we leave the old church door,
After this hour of quiet rest,
To take our duties as before,
We will be true and stand the test,
And love the work, though small it be,
The Master gives to you and me.

—London Christian World.

Notes.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the center and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark soul and foul
thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun ;
Himself in his own dungeon.

—Milton.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts ;
Of humble friends, bright creature, scorn
not one ;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the
sun.

—Wordsworth.

ONE of the best things in the Gospel of
Jesus is the stress it lays on small things.
It ascribes more value to quality than to
quantity. It teaches that God does not
ask how much we do, but how we do it.—
James F. Clark

ETERNITY is crying out to you louder
and louder as you near its brink. Rise, be
doing ! Count your resources ; learn what
you are not fit for, and give up wishing for
it ; learn what you can do, and do it with
the energy of a man.

WE read that after His resurrection
many bodies of saints arose and appeared
in the holy city ; we take this not only as
a fact, but as a parable ; for surely there is
to us a resurrection of our holy dead, even
while we are in the body. But it will be
only when we are in the "holy city" of
duty that we can expect to meet them.
When our steps wander from the sacred
streets, and we are in danger of being
faithless, surely we may hear their feet, we
may feel the touch of their hands upon us,

and hear their voices restraining us, beck-
oning us back.—Standard of the Cross.

VERY profitably, if our hearts are open
to receive them, we can linger over the
words of our Lord, "Henceforth I call
you not servants, but I have called you
friends." The servant obeys commands
without interest in them and in ignorance
of their purposes and results. The friend
is admitted to the counsels of the leader,
knows his plans and the reasons for his
commands. Unless his professions of
friendship are empty and heartless words,
he will go forth to obey his orders faithfully
and with that lively and unfailing personal
interest in the proposed results which will
lead him to devote time, strength, and
mind to their accomplishment. And this
devotion will be all the more undivided
and sincere if the commands are just, and
if he who gives them has proved the signal
benefactor of the friend to whom they are
given. How forcibly, then, presses upon
us the question, As the friends of Jesus,
how fully do we obey His commands?—
The Interior.

Communications.

For the Messenger.

Dr. J. W. Nevin on the Impeccability of the Lord Jesus Christ.

For a number of years the writer has
been deeply interested in the above ques-
tion, and gave his views on it in the *Re-
formed Quarterly Review*, in the April
number of 1879. Knowing that there ex-
ists among eminent scholars and theo-
logians a variety of opinions on this ques-
tion, the writer was very anxious to learn
the views held on it by his former and
valuable instructor, Dr. J. W. NEVIN.
And not wishing to burden the Doctor
unduly in his advanced age, I gave to him
my views in brief, referring him at the
same time to my article in the *Review*,
allowing him to say simply whether he
regarded those views tenable, or not,
should he not feel disposed to give expres-
sion at length of his views.

The position taken in the *Review* arti-
cle is: That it was impossible for the
Lord Jesus Christ to sin. Were He human
only and not divine, the case would be
very different. Adam, though immacu-
late, yielded to temptation and sinned,
being a man only. It is very different
with the Lord Jesus Christ. In him the
human and divine were joined in one per-
son. It is neither logical nor philosophical
to say Christ might have sinned in His
human nature. It would have been im-
possible for the human in Christ to sin
without involving the divine. Therefore,
to affirm peccability of Christ's human
nature, is to affirm the peccability of
Christ Himself. On this question *Arch-
bishop Trench*, in his "Studies in the
Gospels," makes the following sensible and
excellent remarks: "This question (Christ's
peccability) could never have been so much
as started, except in a Nestorian sever-
ance of the Lord into two persons, and
thus in the contemplation of a human
person in Him as at the same moment
existent apart from the divine. When we
ascribe to Him two natures, but these at
no time, other than united in the one
person of the Son of God, the whole
question at once falls to the ground. And
such is the Church's faith."

Dr. Shedd, in a strong lecture before
the students in Union Theological Sem-
inary, New York, says: "Were Christ hu-
man only, it had been possible for Him
to sin, but being the God man it was im-
possible. Christ the infinite, met the
finite resistance, and overcame it." Were
it necessary, quotations could be furnished
from other equally distinguished theo-
logians, but these may suffice. Articles in
different quarters and periodicals maintain-
ing the peccability of the Son of God, that
is, the possibility of His sinning, and
so defeating the great purpose of His mis-
sion on earth, have already disturbed and
unsettled the minds of many. We hail,
therefore, with joy the counter publica-

tions we have seen on this question. With
the writer it is a matter of clear convic-
tion that the peccability of Christ can be
maintained only on the Unitarian theory,
which denies His divinity.

On these views, substantially repro-
duced, Dr. Nevin replies as follows:

"LANCASTER, PA., April 16, 1886.

"Rev. DR. F. W. KREMER.

"My Dear Sir:—From the state of
my eyes I can neither read nor write, and
can, therefore, only make use of an amanu-
ensis to answer your letter of the 6th, and
for the same general reason my answer
must be in the briefest form.

"I consider your statement in regard to
the impeccability of Christ to be entirely
correct. Any other view of the incarna-
tion must necessarily destroy the mystery
itself, as it comes before us in the Apos-
tles' Creed, since it would imply a fatal
sundering of the two terms, 'Conceived
by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Vir-
gin Mary.' The divine conception in-
volves necessarily the universal principle
of His whole Being, in virtue of which
the Son of God became in Him at the
same time the son of man, rising neces-
sarily through such conjunction progres-
sively to the full revealing of the entire
Divine in His ultimate glorification, where-
by only it was possible for Him to conquer
the powers of hell, and to become thus
the Redeemer and Saviour of the world.
But this means, of course the fullness of
the Divine in the Humanity of our Lord
Himself, whereby this becomes the only
proper object of Divine worship on earth
and in heaven ; the real Messiah, the
Jehovah of the Old Testament, compre-
hending in Himself the fullness of the
Godhead bodily.

"The entire Gospel, of St. John espe-
cially, turns emphatically on this sublime
view of the Christian redemption, and
illuminates this in a hundred ways as
the only true conception of the Alpha and
Omega, the beginning and the ending of
all sound Christological teaching.

"Just here, alas ! I am constrained to
say, with a sad heart, that our Christolog-
ical teaching generally, remains yet sadly
short of the full, proper sense of the mys-
tery with which it is concerned. It is
only at best with stammering tongue and
cowardly faith that we find any consider-
able part able to say in the presence of the
Divine Humanity of our Lord, 'To
whom shall we go, Thou only hast words
of eternal life, and we believe and are
sure that Thou art that Christ which
should come into the world.'

"Affectionately, your old teacher,

"J. WILLIAMSON NEVIN.

"per ALICE NEVIN"

This letter, from the now sainted Dr.
Nevin, was to me, I need scarcely say, in
a high degree satisfactory and gratifying,
as it will be, I know, to many others,
especially to such, as like myself, were
among his students. It will not, how-
ever, be a matter of surprise to such as
knew all along the Doctor's high con-
ceptions of the Son of God, His ex-
alted Christological views. In his view,
Jesus Christ was indeed the equal of the
Father, the "true God and eternal life"

F. W. K.

For the Messenger.

Yacki—Or Bread Upon the Waters.

The subject of missions in Japan is one
in which the whole Christian Church is
interested. The churches of Presbyterian
form of government in Japan, such as the
Presbyterian, the Dutch Reformed and
the German Reformed Churches there,
working in harmony in their evangelistic
efforts, under the title of "The United
Church of Japan," are being blessed with
abundant success. It may therefore
interest the kind readers of THE MES-
SENGER, in the Reformed Church, and
encourage the friends of Foreign Mis-
sions to peruse the following narrative
based upon an article in a late number of
Der Reformirte Hausfreund.

Some twenty years ago, when Rev. F.
Fox, now pastor of Martha Memorial Re-
formed church, New York, was missionary

at San Francisco, Cal., beside attending to
his arduous duties as pastor of several Ger-
man mission congregations, organized
and served by himself, he also interested
himself in behalf of the Christian instruc-
tion of several young Japanese. One of
these, after his instructor's return East,
soon thereafter followed and by the aid of
Christian friends, pursued his study, and in
due time, successfully graduated as the first
Japanese student from the Franklin and
Marshall college, Lancaster, Pa. Mr.
Yamanaka has returned to his native land
and there spreads the light of Christian
truth abroad among his countrymen. En-
couraged by Mr. Yamanaka and others,
other Japanese youths have since entered
Franklin and Marshall college and are
now diligently prosecuting their studies
preparatory for the Gospel ministry in
their native land. Cast thy bread—seed
corn, upon the waters, for thou shalt find
it after many days. Eccl. 11 : 1.

But the main object of writing at this time
is to relate the story of another young Ja-
panese conversion and labors. His name
stands at the head of this article, Yacki.
Mr. Yacki is a descendant of a once ruling
family in Japan, and he, with many others,
were deprived of rank and fortune by the
present Micado in his reorganization of
the Empire. Deprived of their paternal
estate, Mr. Yacki sought to retrieve his
fortune by acquiring a Christian education
in America, and then returning home to
support himself by faithful service in any
honorable capacity. After several years of
diligent and self denying work and study
in California, Mr. Yacki returned to Yo-
kohama, and was there appointed on a
commission to visit the United States in
the interest of agriculture in Japan. Mr.
Yacki now follows the noble and divinely
ordained pursuit of a tiller of the soil—he
is a farmer.

During his sojourn in San Francisco he
spent most of his time in the family of
Rev. F. Fox, learning English and studying
God's word. Here it was that the young
student became very sick. He had a high
fever and seemed doomed to die. In his
delirious wanderings he tossed and moan-
ed on his sick bed and spoke wishfully
of "home, home, sweet, sweet home."
In his conscious moments he expressed the
desire to be taken to the hospital, so as to
relieve his friends of "so much trouble,"
but his preceptor replied: "Yacki, in
my house you sickened, and in my house
you must recover or die." With proper
hydropathic treatment and constant atten-
tion by the parson and doctor and his now
sainted wife, through long days and weary
nights, the patient recovered and regained
his former vigor slowly. From this time
on Mr. Yacki's mind became very serious
and he sought diligently in many ways to
express his gratitude for his recovery to
almighty God, and his benefactors. He
was so grateful ! One day as he was seat-
ed at the study of God's word, he arose in
the gravity of a Japanese gentleman and
the seriousness of a true Christian and
said: "Pastor, I want to be baptized ;
I want to be a Christian." When told
his numerous unbaptized companions
might disapprove of his step and tempt
him to relapse into heathenism after
he had vowed faithfulness to the liv-
ing and true God, his body and soul trem-
bling with emotion, he replied with vehe-
ment emphasis: "My countrymen will
not disapprove, nor do I care if they do.
You, with God's help, have saved my life,
and your God shall now be my God, your
Saviour mine. A religion that teaches
such kindness to strangers as you have
shown me, I must have and teach my
countrymen." Yacki having been further
instructed in the faith and practice of our
holy religion, he was solemnly baptized
before the congregation and thus the first
Japanese received into fellowship with the
Reformed Church in the United States.

The Reformed Church papers in due time,
took notice of this providential occurrence
and later when the question of foreign
missions was raised in the General Synod,
Japan was chosen as the proper field for
this denomination to occupy and the Rev.
A. Gring and wife sent out to inaugurate
the good work.

It is now many years since Mr. Yacki

returned to Japan, but his knowledge of
English being imperfect he corresponded
with his teacher and pastor seldom, and at
last no tidings of his whereabouts were
received any more, until several years ago,
when he presented himself in person be-
fore our American missionaries, Gring
and Moore, at Tokio, relating the story of
his conversion in California, through the
faithful and self-denying labors and kind-
ness of his teachers and pastor and earn-
estly requested missionaries to be sent to
the district of country in which he then
resided, Sendai. Revs. Gring and Moore
considered this a Macedonia call and al-
though they had up to this time known little
or nothing of this missionary field, their
visit there found it ripe for a harvest. One
native evangelist, Okishama, labored there
single-handed and without support. Mr.
Yacki's call and further assistance so en-
couraged these brethren as to found a Re-
formed Mission in this place and call an-
other missionary from America to this
field. A flourishing congregation of na-
tive Christians there is now served by Rev.
Mr. Hoy, and who last fall was able to
receive by baptism sixteen adults into full
communion with the Church. Besides
this Bro. Hoy has founded and teaches a
school which might be denominated a
missionary institute or theological training
school, in which a native ministry is being
prepared for the great work of missions in
Japan. Also two female missionaries, the
Misses Poorbaugh and Ault, from Penn-
sylvania, have since arrived and founded a
Christian school for girls in Sendai. It is
proposed to raise this to a female seminary
in the near future.

Mr. Yacki has since removed further
north and now again calls for Christian
teachers and preachers to come thither.
About 45 miles west of Sendai, in the
thriving city of Yamagata, of some 20,000
inhabitants, the chief business together with
other prominent citizens have engaged to
establish a boys' school with Rev. Mr. Okis-
hama, the oldest of Reformed missionaries
at Sendai, as president, the Rev. Mr.
Moore as teacher with a salary of \$1500
per annum and free house rent besides
three other native Christian teachers. To
occupy a fourth promising point in this dis-
trict specially, the Rev. D. B. Schneeder,
of Pennsylvania, has lately been elected
by the Board and he will soon enter upon
the duties of his new and important mis-
sion.

Mr. Yacki though for many years separ-
ated from Christian associates and his pur-
suit that of a toiling farmer, he has firmly
and faithfully adhered to his Christian
profession ; and ever mindful of God's
mercy in sparing his life when lone and
sick in a strange land and the kindness of
his Christian friends during this trying
period of his life, he relates feelingly and
with telling effect in the north of Japan
the story of Christian hospitality received
in America. And in his gratefully restless
efforts to have his countrymen learn the
glad tidings of good news he illustrates
the words of Holy Writ: Cast thy bread
upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after
many days. Eccl. 11 : 1. Be kind to the
stranger in distress in your midst, for in
him not unfrequently angels have been
entertained in disguise. Remember Abra-
ham and Lot ! Is not this lesson taught
in the beautiful parable of the merciful
Samaritan ! Was it not the spirit of bro-
therly kindness that made the hearts of the
heathen in the days of the apostle and
that made even enemies exclaim, "Be-
hold, how these Christians love one an-
other ?" Is not this the kind of gospel
which even now, in these days of carnality
is yet heard and believed by the multi-
tudes ? Let us preach it—practice it more
generally, and remember the verdict of
the last judgment: Then shall the King
say unto them on His right hand, Come
ye blessed of my Father, inherit the king-
dom prepared for you from the foundation
of the world. For I was a hungered, and
ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye
gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye
took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I
was sick, and ye visited me: I was in
prison, and ye came unto me. And these
shall go away into life everlasting. Matt.
25 : 34-46.

Who could have thought or known twenty years ago that this dying heather should rise to life and the Christian charity then administered unto him by God's servants? the one now in glory and her husband still toiling in the arid field of missions among foreign Germans in New York, should be productive of such blessed results in behalf of the Japanese missionary work by the Reformed Church in the district of Sendai! Mr. Yacki is a man in the prime of life and may yet be instrumental in doing much good work for the blessed Master in the conversion of souls. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth. Isa. 52: 7. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever. Dan'l. 12: 3.

Would it not be opportune, now, in connection with Mr. Hoy's Theological Training School to establish a library of Christian scientific and theological books, while our missionary Rev. A. Gring is visiting the churches, seeking to awaken a deeper interest in behalf of his great work in Japan, and thus lend additional aid to the good cause of education in that distant land?

A FRIEND OF MISSIONS IN JAPAN.

For The Messenger.

Missionary Notes.

By Rev. A. C. Whitmer, Superintendent of Missions.

In a New Light.

The Superintendent lately saw himself in a new light. Up the road, in a little railroad town, he spent a Sunday. So did a lady from a neighboring town, visiting some friends. These friends at the tea-table told her of the missionary service to be held next day, morning, afternoon and evening. Then with a look and tone of pity she said in German, "Are you also so annoyed with these things?"

Shades of St. Paul! "Geblogt" with missionary calls and talks and activities! It is well, however, to see ourselves as others see us. Just imagine a timid man going up and down the land annoying churches and annoying the saints with missionary services!

Educate the Girls.

Most earnest and interesting indeed is the call in Japan for the education of girls. Professor Toyama of the Japanese University urges this work to be given into the hands of American missionaries, and through the newspapers he has begged the missionaries to open girls' schools as the best way to spread Christianity in Japan. And Japanese newspapers have frequent articles urging the government to further female education.

Which is the More Costly?

A German country pastor in Nebraska writing in the *Kirchenszeitung* as to the cost of country missions as compared with those in towns and cities, emphatically says that while the latter cost more at first they are really cheaper but they need support a fewer number of years and when self-supporting they as a rule do more for missions than the others. The writer gives Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Louisville and other places as examples.

Is it Your Ability?

Peter says: "If any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth."

Apply this to yourself. When on communion Sunday or at some other special collection you put in five, ten or twenty cents, or even a bill, ask yourself: "Is this according to my ability? Am I dealing justly toward the work of God and for the salvation of men?"

Acknowledgement.

From A. B. Martin, Esq., of West Beaver Creek, Md., the Superintendent has received \$10.00 for printing and mailing circulars, leaflets, and such other matter as may be needed in his work. Will not others add to this fund? The Board does not pay for such things out of the usual income which is for the support of the missionaries, and your help will be very acceptable.

The Board of Missions is neither omnipotent nor omniscient, but a creature of the Synod and fallible at that. It cannot locate missionaries without men, nor can it pay them without money. It cannot make men willing to work nor can it always find the right place for those who are willing. It cannot establish a mission at every proper place, nor can it please all in regard to those it has. Its hands are often tied and also its tongue.

The cost of administration, *i. e.*, the office expenses of those who receive, pay out and manage the finances of the foreign mission work, varies. In some churches it is quite low; in others quite high. In the Presbyterian Church it is over 8 per cent.; in the Dutch Reformed nearly 10 per cent. of the whole income.

Rev. W. F. Lichteiter, pastor of St. Luke's mission, Lancaster, Pa., issued a

neat *Whitsuntide Annual*, giving many facts of congregational interest in regard to membership, baptisms, confirmations, deaths, consistory, Sunday-schools, choirs, &c.

A gentleman in Wisconsin offers the Southern Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions \$1000 toward sending two men to Japan. By such large giving a large work can be done.

We have in the United States 145 Theological Seminaries in which 5,000 are studying for the ministry. We have about 15,000 students in the medical schools.

For The Messenger.

"The Tower of London."

Mr. Editor.—I had purposed visiting St. Thomas' Hospital, on the Thames embankment, but my companions wished me to take in the Tower; it was Saturday, and I went as much to see the people as to familiarize myself with this dark fortress. We sauntered along the fish market, along St. Katharine's docks, and viewed the custom houses in vicinity, and shipping; it resembled Liverpool on the Quay. The boats were laden with marketing, and the hurry and bustle, loading and unloading was a very curious sight. We, at last, stood at the gates of entrance and beheld the Tower. Its appearance indicates its mission. It is gloomy and unprepossessing. I felt a horror, such as I never experienced. I could go back in my mind's eye to the days of cruelty and suffering within those blackened walls. It was a prison-house.

Here Sir Walter Raleigh pined years, deprived of liberty, and when finally he laid his head on the block, he was asked by the executioner "whether it lay right," whereupon he gave this heroic and Christian answer: "It matters little, my friend, how the head lies provided the heart is right."

Here the two sons of Edward IV. were murdered and buried underneath the stairway by Richard III. Here Essex fell under the anger of Queen Elizabeth; who herself had been immured in the Well Tower. Here the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a "butt of Malmsey;" and here Mary, and Jane Grey, and Annie Boleyn, across the hall in Beauchamp Tower, were confined until their execution. It stands to-day as a disgrace to England and a blot in her civilization. You enter by the first gate into the Tower containing the crown jewels; the crown of sovereignty, and imitation of diamonds (Kohinoor, etc.), with service, plate and gold, salt-cellar, and maces used on state occasions: the insignia of royalty. To an American accustomed to democracy these symbols of power are uninteresting; and there is so much glitter and tinsel about all these insignia, that you wonder how it is possible the English people can endure such a burden as the pensioning of royalty: the immense expenditure to keep up this paraphernalia must drain the British exchequer, and load the people with taxation in keeping of so many scions of nobility. The dukes and viscounts and nobles of all titles are like so many barnacles on the ship of state.

After viewing the Jewel-room we went into the Armory. Here you have the most magnificent collection, running back centuries, arranged in almost every design. The Armorer has excelled himself in adapting the armor to some beautiful and pleasing figure, and so combined the guns and swords and weapons of warfare as to add the least to the disagreeable, and refining their use to the artistic effect. Men and knights in full armor on horseback, arrayed in the different centuries: you can trace the improvement in design as the mechanic has advanced in skill. The armor is lighter, there is more elasticity in the greaves; the shield has more solidity, and the weapons of defence become more destructive. The rapier gives way to the broad sword, and this again to the cimeter, and this again to the Damascus blade; so that the art of war, as the weapon becomes more destructive, yields to the behests of enlarged science, and you make peace more probable. As you walk with the multitude along this array of weapons you could but think how little these things would be necessary were men under a more Christianizing influence, and that it were possible for the "sword to be turned into the pruning-hook," under the favorable influences of the Gospel of Peace. Leaving these scenes we were shown Man's inhumanity to Man in the thumb-screw and instruments of torture, which were used in the early centuries to compel men to give utterances to their belief or suffer martyrdom. These instruments comported with the place; it was foul with murder. The very walls reeked with the blood of innocents, yet suffering for the depravity of others whom angry and evil passions moved to vengeance and bloodshed. So much for the divine right of kings, the boast of monarchies!

The Traitors' gate opened up into the Thames, and the condemned criminal after passing through the portals left mercy and friends behind. Many a captive lingered years in solitary confinement, only to be relieved by torture, or slow death. Shut out from the world, no thought of royalty was ever given to right the wrong. The inscriptions of the walls of the Tower indicated the feelings of the sufferers. A melancholy seemed to have settled upon them; desperation led to a surrender of manhood, and the more resolute gave way under the pressure of the wrongs committed. If the Bastille was a wrong, which

it took the populace in its wrath to raze to the ground, how could it be possible for the English people to endure the centuries of tyranny without recompensing, measure for measure the wrong doer? The people must have been paralyzed with fear, or steeped in crime themselves in those days; they could not have appreciated the enormities as practiced by their rulers.

The fortress is impregnable. It is surrounded by huge stone walls with turrets and moats, and port-cullis and draw-bridges. No cannon of that day could pierce its walls (15 feet thick); and as a garrison it could be held against any foe, so well could it be supplied with the necessities of life and defence. The character of the masonry, the immense boulders of stone piled one upon another in a masterly way indicated workmanship of a superior order. Except at Chester there is no such skill seen in England.

We left these grounds rejoicing that the day had gone by when, at the command of kings, men's lives could be forfeited and families sundered never to meet again; when towers were only show-rooms, and prisoners only could be immured after a trial by peers, and under the protection of law. England is a limited monarchy and possesses a written law, (after which our own has been modelled), and to-day requires that the king on the throne and the subject must be subservient; and she throws a shield of protection around every citizen, high or low, which every nation must fear or respect.

While standing in the enclosure within the courts of the White Tower, you could see the embankments, flanked by the small towers—the Bloody Tower, the Well Tower, Boyer's Tower, Devereaux Tower, Beauchamp Tower—with St. John's Chapel, a Norman structure, and now used as a barracks. This is not open to visitors, but occupied by a royal regiment of Queen's Guards. The smallest turrets are salient points, from which the watchman could inspect the grounds, so as to guard the prisoners; the large towers to be on the alert for attacking foes without.

It seems marvellous that such a structure should be devoted to so little use; it is more of a show-room, or "old curiosity-shop;" it could be put to better purposes. As a prison it might be utilized, and would be far better adapted, for its area is immense, and the means of exercise would not be so limited as the old dingy prison at Newgate.

I could not look upon these gloomy walls without a retrospect—unfavorable to the darker days, 300 years ago. A prison under the depravity of the age is a necessity; and men must be excluded from society for wrong doing, as a matter of protection; but to have family ties sundered, hopes blasted, the pleasures of life obliterated, and life destroyed to gratify the curiosity of the few, or personal pique, to be torn from the household, immured, condemned without trial is so tyrannical and autocratic, that it merits only execration, and it is to the shame of the country that could countenance the crime.

What secrets of State, what secrets of power, wielded for malice and revenge, darkened these walls: and how many innocent persons died unknown to history, or bereaved of man!

I am yours respectfully,
D. S. GLONINGER.

Family Reading.

Calling the Angels in.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day.

We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away;
And grant to our hearts a hush
That is only enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. O, never doubt,
When the burden of daylight broil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse while the stars come out,
As the patriarchs sat at the door
Of their tents with a heavenward-gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We've seen them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promise our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,
We'll welcome such calm repose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—
But—the angels we meant to call are gone!

—Margaret J. Preston.

"The Angel of the Well."

BY M. G. McCLELLAND.

Among the tender and beautiful legends of the Rhine is one which gives to every stream and fountain a spirit, or "angel," whose care it is to guard the water and keep it pure and flowing. The legend makes the life of the spirit and the life of

the water one, and in their intertwined existence all things affecting one react upon the other.

With rivers, cataracts and streams, the legend deals grandly, picturing the beauty and strength, and fierce, wild joy of the spirits embodied in these wonderful creations; the toil and strife, the music, power and rejoicing of the restless waters; the cruelty of them, and the tenderness.

With brooks, and rills, and dimpling springs, the story laughs as it shows how the spirit murmurs and sparkles, and indulges itself in a thousand witcheries and gambols. All this is lovely, wild and free, and the heart rejoices with the joy of the angel of the water, and the steps pause and linger wherever the silver ripple of a brook crosses the path, or the bold burst of a beautiful spring forces itself up into the sunshine.

But the saddest, tenderest thoughts of the legend are given to the water angels who have become the servants of men—the spirits of wells and fountains in the public marts, where the people congregate. Like other slaves, these spirits are bound to a master-will, dependent for well-being on a master-hand. When the fountain is pure and orderly, and carefully tended, the water leaps and flashes in the sunlight, casting itself heavenward, to fall again to earth in a myriad rainbows a thing of exquisite beauty. Then the angel seems content with bondage; a servant whose servitude is glorified and enduring.

But when neglect and carelessness allow the fountain to become choked and foul, and the vents to be cut off, then the angel languishes and frets and moans, while slow, heavy tears trickle where once a mighty jet leaped and danced. And if no heed be taken of the moan of the tortured thing, in course of time it pines and dies, or else the dear earth in tender pity opens a way for its escape.

Then the fountain becomes dumb and the well dry, and all the usefulness and beauty of the water slip silently away to bless places that are more worthy. And men, and tired creatures come, distressed by heat and thirst, and gaze with longing eyes at the spot where once was comfort and refreshment, and bend weary, listening ears for the liquid murmur of the water's song that has been hushed forever.

In this little town there are many Germans; but they have brought no tenderness from R-ineland, no thought of its sweet old superstitions, no memory of its legends—or else this bustling age and land has materialized them out of all sentiment and imagination.

In my walk to night I have passed three public wells, and have tried them all, and tried them in vain. To the first two I

A sullen murmur of imprisoned air, displaced by the falling stone, rewarded me, followed by a still more sullen splash. The water did not leap and flash; it just shuddered dully, and slow circles eddied round and struck against the slimy walls. Frogs and newts and water lizards find down there a home, and rats swim back and forth, and commit, from time to time, a murder or a suicide.

For years no hand has purified these wells, no thirst has been slaked from their abundance. The water angel shut off from sunshine and usefulness, grows slowly into a demon whose liquid life is poison, and whose bosom would receive and hold with equal indifference a stone, a flower, or a tiny struggling child.

By the third well I lingered longest. It had been abandoned to disuse and decay at a more recent date than either of its fellows, and its angel chafed and fretted still. I widened a crack in the dilapidated cover and through it a moonbeam slanted showing a great black depth with a single star at the bottom where the moonbeam touched the water. Something in the way this lonely point of light quivered, reacted on my fancy, and I bent lower and gazed down into the well.

Was it glamour of moonlight, or did the point increase in brilliance until it emitted a wan, pale glow that lit the surface of the water, and part of the green, neglected masonry? Moss grew thick on the bricks, and weeds and bleached looking grasses, that seemed the ghost of earthly grasses, hung in tufts from the sides. The face of the water was as the face of one who has exhausted suffering, and is quiescent with despair.

Close beside the eastern wall a vapor rose and wavered, and condensed into the semblance of a woman. Her tresses floated in long white wreaths, and her hands were clasped beneath her mantle. Her feet were buried in the ooze, and the quivering of the water made her garments shiver as though her breast were torn by sores.

Slowly she bent forward and appeared to press with her hands against the water around her, so that the ripples from her fingers circled around the place, and then sank down into hopeless leadenness. Nothing was changed, nothing would ever be changed. No more light, no more sunshine, no more usefulness to man or beast. Caged forever in a foul prison, growing fouler with each year, until all the purity of the water changed to pestilence and death.

And as I thought upon it all, my soul grew sick with pity for the fair thing that was being maimed, and my heart ached that men should let such things be. The light trembled, then burned with a clearer effulgence, and I saw beside the mourner another, of a different form. This also wore the semblance of womanhood; but

the figure was noble, tall and strong and very beautiful. From her calm eyes and brow the light appeared to radiate, and by the majesty of her presence I knew that *this* was the Spirit of the Earth, and that deliverance for the captive was at hand.

With tender hands and smiling mouth the Spirit of the Earth caressed the sorrowing water angel, and then pressed against the masonry—and lo! a tiny cleft, that broadened and broadened like an empty channel; and the water gave a soft, deep murmur of release, and circled slowly as it ebbed away. Lower it sank, and lower. Down and down, until the phantom grasses that but now bordered its edges hung high above it. Lower still—down to the surface of the mud and ooze, which stiffened as the moisture drained away.

Now it is gone, and the well is dead and dry forever. The Spirit of the Earth bent softly and whispered to the water angel: "Come! for your deliverance is complete."

And the light died out, for mud cannot reflect the moon's pure rays; and I lifted myself and passed on, wondering and dreaming over the things that I had seen. —Independent.

Carpets versus Boys.

"Jane, what does make you have those great, stamping boys in your parlor every Sabbath night?"

"Because I love them."
"But I should think they would spoil all your new carpet. It is light and must show the spots that seven or eight pair of boots make. When it is snowy they must bring in the snow; and when it is muddy they track in the dirt. Dear me! I would not have half a dozen boys in my parlor once a week for a good round sum."

"I wish there were a dozen of them."
"But don't you know that they will wear your carpets more than half a dozen parties? Boys' boots are so heavy and their steps so careless. I expect some of them have nails in their boots. I shouldn't enjoy the boys anyway—"

"Yes, that's it."
"And I'm sure I should be in fidgets every minute."

"Perhaps you would, but I think not. I think you would, after a time, like myself, delight in having them with you. I think our weekly class prayer-meeting helps these boys. Indeed, I know it helps them. It gives me a great deal more pleasure than saving the carpet ever could. Perhaps they do wear it a little; but the boys are worth more than carpets, be they three-ply, tapestry or the best that ever were made. I've got the best interest on this parlor in-

I've tried it ten years. Read this and see if it is not better than money at ten per cent., or saving your parlor carpets. A young man, a tutor in a college, writes:

"Those precious Sabbath night meetings, the dearest memories of my boyhood cling about them. I don't think I should ever have started in the right way if it had not been for them. And after I had started they helped me right along. Thank God and you for those meetings." —Presbyterian.

Slovenly Reading.

We must warn all men, old and young, against an evil thing which has been described as the "prevailing pestilence of slovenly reading." This pestilence has laid low many a one who began life with excellent prospects. It is ruinous both to mind and morals. It is apt even to injure a man's business habits, and prevent him from winning success in practical affairs. In time it will confound all his faculties. It will destroy his capacity for clear conception, for precise thought, and for proper reasoning. It will throw into confusion his judgment and his memory. If he does not get rid of it he never can become a good writer, or do any literary work of any kind worth looking at.

How many slovenly readers will be found in these times! They will, in their slovenly fashion, read a newspaper article, perhaps a very excellent one, and when they have got to the end of it, or as they say, when they have looked "through it," or "glanced over it," you will find that they are unable to give any accurate account of its arguments, or that they do not apprehend its fundamental points, or that they have lost one of its links, or that they have overlooked an important illustration, or that they have failed to seize a word which is the very hinge of the writer's thought, or that they have wholly misunderstood the drift and purpose of the article which they wasted their time in glancing over.

These slovenly readers are an affliction to careful and correct writers. When such a writer sees how his reasoning and his language are distorted by them, his mind is apt to become ruffled, and every one knows how a ruffled mind unfits a man for the work of perspicuous composition. We are of the opinion that the prevailing pestilence of slovenly reading is largely due to the slovenly way in which children are taught to read at school. Teachers must be careful about this thing; they must teach their scholars to read with precision and understanding, thinking of every word, getting the sense of each sentence, and grasping the full meaning of any piece that may be before them.—New York Sun.

"To What Purpose is this Waste?"

A leading member of an influential church remarked: "Our pastor is all that we could ask—intelligent, faithful, attractive. But very likely we will soon be obliged to dispense with his services. He is altogether consumed with the foolish notion of Foreign Missionary work. We do not see the need of it. There is plenty to do here. Besides, if any are sent to foreign lands let those be chosen who are not specially wanted in the home field."

The prediction of the half-hearted official was fulfilled. This "foolish notion" finally ripened into a settled conviction in the young minister's soul. He must go and tell the story of redemption in distant parts.

Years have passed away since that decision. An almost countless number of benighted souls have listened to his words of love. Hearts burdened with sorrow, such as no human devices can possibly relieve, have been brought to know the blessed Burden-Bearer. Organized agencies have been established through his wise management, aided by diligent associates; schools for the training of youth; systematic Bible-reading in populous centers; the printing and publishing of Christian literature in native dialects. Great has been the results of his toil; abundant is his promised reward.

Looking back through the years, and fixing our thought upon the decision made by the youthful and talented pastor, we are now able to see how the yielding to the plea of selfish policy on the part of others, or the suppression of convictions of duty on his own, might have resulted in incalculable loss. That decision was in the interest of Christ's kingdom. The communicant in his church would say: "To what purpose is this waste?" Little did he think that the severance of delightful pastoral relations had so lofty a meaning in the divine purpose. What seemed like useless "waste," was only the divine method of richer accumulation.

It is always thus. The best we possess, given freely for other's benefit—given without thought of subtracting from what we are pleased to call our own—is the most productive of all investments. The more thoroughly unselfish we are, the greater the blessing. It is the certain law of all true life. The loss of all things in the uplifting of humanity is to win a crown of matchless beauty. The breaking of "an alabaster box of precious ointment" in the Master's name and for His sake, will "be told for a memorial" of our sincerity and faithfulness, "wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world." And let us remember that no one is without opportunity daily for such consecrated service, for He hath said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto Me." My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

Youth's Department.

A Bed-time Song.

BY LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray—
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I, in the rocking chair.

See where the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland;
The winter rain on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim—
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light;
Silently lower the anchor down.

Dear little passenger, say "Good-night;"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

—St. Nicholas.

Elsie's Little Fault.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"O, mamma, can't I go for a ride with you?"

"Have you written your composition yet, Elsie?"

"No, mamma, I sat down to do it this morning, but I got a thinking of something else and the time slipped away before I knew."

"Ah, my daughter, when will you put away your foolish habit of thinking of other things when your mind should be on your duties?"

"It is not so bad a fault, is it, mamma?" asked Elsie, looking at her mother's grave face. "Not so bad as if I was disobedient or ill-tempered, or told what was not true?"

"It does not sound like a very bad one," said her mother, "but if you will think a little you will see that what you call a slight fault may lead very far towards the more serious ones. For instance, can you

remember times when you have promised me that a certain thing should be done by a certain time, and by allowing your thoughts to run away with you, you have failed to do it? Was that keeping close to the truth?"

"I'm afraid not, mamma," said Elsie, shaking her head ruefully.

"And perhaps you have felt and shown a little ill-temper at my being obliged to send you to your room until the duty was done?"

"I am afraid I have, mamma."

"And don't you think that a real spirit of obedience would lead you to pay more heed to all I have said to you about your troublesome little fault?"

"So I have all the faults I have been thinking I haven't," said Elsie, mournfully.

"O, I don't say that, dear," said her mother, smiling. "You can cure your fault, if you really desire to do so."

"I really do, mamma. I don't want a little fault that is going to bring along so many great ones."

"Be sure you do not forget to ask for help where help is always found by the earnest seeker. Now, it is only two o'clock. I am going to drive over to old Mrs. Ray's and may be there an hour and a half or more. When I come back I will take you down to the greenhouse with me, if you are done."

"O, that will be a nice, long ride. And I want to see the flowers there. I will surely be done long before you come."

"Watch your thoughts, then, dear child. It is a very bad thing not to have control over them. You will never be a good student unless you cultivate a habit of fixing your mind on what you may be doing."

"I will, indeed, mamma. 'Wild Flowers.' That is a pretty subject for a composition, isn't it?"

"Very pretty. Do your best with it." Elsie watched her mother drive away and then turned to her paper.

"Wild flowers; let me see: These little treasures of the early spring-time—that will do nicely for a beginning. Dear me, it makes me feel exactly as if I was walking in the woods again. How long it seems since last spring. What a delightful time we had looking for wild flowers. Anemones and hepaticas—yes, and spring beauties and violets—only the violets came later. I remember exactly where they grow thickest, the blue ones—and just a few yellow dog-tooth violets—right down by the grape swing on that sloping bank. Oh! if I could only go this very minute! I wonder what day of the month this is."

Down went paper and pencil as the foolish little lassie ran to look at a calendar which hung on the wall, and then out of the door to see how big the lilac buds were getting and how green the grass was.

"Yes, it will be very soon," she said, coming back and picking up her things.

"That bank is always covered with wake robins, too, when they come, but I don't remember what month it is in. I mean to look in the encyclopedia and see. It won't be wasting my time (a thought of her mother's words gave her a little prick of conscience), for all I find out about it will do to put in my composition."

"Here it is. 'Wake-robin. See Arum.' Now I must find Arum. I must get another book. Here it is, 'Arum, a genus of—oh, my; what a long word! 'Monocotyledonous plants.' Sixteen letters in it. I wonder what they want of such long words to tell about a pretty little flower. 'Wake-robin is a great deal prettier than 'arum,' I'm sure. I wonder if the robins have come, and if they will build a nest in the same tree again. We saw four little blue eggs in it when we climbed up. 'Arum'—oh, there isn't anything about it unless hard words—spadix, sessile, plumule—nothing that I can put in my composition. I must go on—where was I?"

"These little treasures of the early spring-time," how they greet us with their cheery smiles—that will do. Flowers do smile, I know they do. Often and often I've brushed away the dead leaves and those darling little purple anemones have smiled up at me just as if they were little faces—just as if they wanted to say: "I'm glad you've come. Aren't you glad I've come, and isn't it beautiful to live in the spring-time?" If I was a flower I'd rather be a spring flower than any other. "With their cheery smiles," I wonder when the blue-bells come. Oh, I forgot all about that root I brought home last spring and planted in my garden. I must just run out and see if it is sprouting."

She could not find the blue-bell, but exclaimed in delight at finding the green tops of the hyacinth well out of the ground:

"Ah, you beauties! Don't I know just how you'll look after a while when you get your little pink and white and lilac bells on? I wonder if you wear your little green cloaks to keep the flowers warm till the cold weather is all gone. And what are those red looking shoots peeping up? Peonies, I do believe. Oh, I am so glad it's almost time for the garden to be made."

"I wonder if mamma will buy the geraniums and the verbenas at the greenhouse to-day. I shall try to get her to. I guess it's too early to set them out, but it will be so nice to keep them in the windows for a while. Which are the nicest, wild flowers or garden flowers? Both, I'm sure. But that reminds me that I'd better be getting back to my wild flowers."

"Cheery smiles." There's so much to say about wild flowers I hardly know where to begin."

The precious moments flew fast while poor Elsie let her thoughts ramble away into the woody shades where she would gladly have followed them. There was indeed plenty to write about. Her mind was filled with thoughts of the beauty of the tender green foliage, the breath of the soft spring wind and the twitter of the birds. But the foolish little girl had become so accustomed to giving her fancies free rein that she had little control of them, and they seemed to wander at will in spite of her. The lovely things of which she was dreaming floated dimly before her eyes, refusing to take shape and be put upon the paper.

"I know exactly the kinds of geraniums I want—and we want enough to cover the mound. How bright they always look, and how strange it is that the gardeners know how to find out new kinds every year. It isn't so with wild flowers, they are always the same. But after all I'd rather have them so. And they never wait to be coaxed or fussed with as the greenhouse flowers do. They just seem to grow and be sweet of their own good will. That will do to put in my composition when I get farther on with it."

"Cheery"—why, mamma, have you come so soon?"

"It is almost two hours since I went away, Elsie. Have you finished your composition?"

The cheery smiles were forgotten as Elsie looked forlornly at the encyclopedia and her scarcely touched piece of paper.

"Wits wandering, as usual?" asked her mother, shaking her head.

"I did not know the time was going so fast," faltered Elsie.

"I am sorry," said her mother, "for Mrs. Walters is out here with Ruth and Saidie in her buggy, and I stopped for Kitty Lee and she is out there too. We are going over on the south side of Bower Hill to see if we cannot find some of the earliest wild flowers. It is so sunny there that I think we may."

"Oh, that will be lovely!" exclaimed Elsie, springing up.

"But you have not done your work," said her mother.

"Mamma, can't I go? I will write it this evening."

"No." Her mother shook her head sorrowfully. "You must not leave your duty undone."

"And you are going without me?"

"I must, dear, for I cannot disappoint all the others."

It was a hard trial, but poor Elsie wisely resolved to bear it as well as she could.

"I will not add the great sins to my ugly little one," she said. "I will not obey in a spirit that will make it more like disobedience. And I will try with all my might, mamma, to keep my promise to do better."

"Try in the might of the Saviour who has promised to give His children His own strength, my little girl, and you will be sure never to fail."

To Boys Commencing Business.

Be on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers, and to all in authority over you, and be polite to every one; politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting on in the world. And above all be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful, and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and

mother, and who does not grow away from his church and Sunday-school, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honor, truth and industry are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun billiard saloons, and be careful how you spend the evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true, and full of cheer in time of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty, and industry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise: Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

"I Was Going To."

Children are very fond of saying, "I was going to." The boy lets the rats catch his chickens. He was going to fill up the hole with glass, and to set traps for the rats; but he did not do it in time, and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for his loss and excuses his carelessness by saying, "I was going to attend to that." A horse falls through a broken plank in the stable and breaks his leg, and is killed to put him out of his suffering. The owner was going to fix that weak plank, and so excuses himself. A boy wets his feet and sits for hours without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in and he was going to do it, but did not. A girl tears her new dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but she forgot. And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such as happen in every home with almost every man and woman, boy and girl. "Procrastination is" not only the "thief of time," but is the worker of vast mischiefs. If a miser "I was going-to" live in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a lounge and a nuisance. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The boy or girl who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it, and life will not be successful. Pat mister "I-was-going-to" out of your house, and keep him out. Always do things which you are going to do.—*Select.*

The English Skylark.

The lark is quite common throughout Europe; but the English skylark, of which the poets have so much to say, is not known in America. It has a straight, short beak; the head is small, and has a little crest of feathers.

The claws of the skylark are so formed that it does not alight on trees. It keeps much of the time on the ground, where it feeds on grasses, tender plants or insects.

During the summer it likes a high, dry place. It will soar to great heights in the air, and sing a sweet song as it mounts. The poet Shelley says of it:

"Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The deep blue thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

It seems a pity to eat such dear little birds, but its flesh is said to be a great delicacy. If kept in a cage, the skylark becomes quite tame and playful. I have heard a true story of a skylark that was taken from its nest before he knew what joy it is to be free. He was given to a lady, and she named him Tommy.

Every day she used to place him on her workstand; so she and Tommy grew to be great friends. She would let him out of his cage, and at breakfast he would hop onto the table cloth. He would pick up crumbs of bread or small bits of egg.

He grew to be full of frolic. He would try to plague his mistress when she took him out of his cage. It was funny to see him watch her while she was threading a needle. When the thread was put ever so little into the eye of the needle, he would seize the thread and pull it through. Sometimes he would make a quick plunge at the thread and pull it out of the eye of the needle. Then he would fly out of reach, and chuckle over the mischief. Again he would hop on to the open work-

box, seize the end of a thread, and fly with it about the room, so as to unwind the thread from the spool.

But the most provoking of Tommy's feats was this: The lady would come into the room with her hair all nicely fixed. Then he would fly on to her head, and try to rumple up the hair by scratching it just as a hen scratches in the dirt.

If she scolded him he would make a merry twitter, as if to say, "Tommy is not a bit afraid of you. He knows you love him dearly, and love him best when you scold him."

The last time I heard of this tame bird he was still happy in the love of his mistress. People would come from a great distance to see him. He still liked to play tricks. As this kind of skylark lives to a pretty old age, Tommy may be alive still. He lives in England. I wish his mistress would bring him here.—*Nursery.*

Kind-Hearted Insects.

The Bible has made ants famous for industry and foresight, and modern naturalists find few animals more worthy of study. These insects not only are surprisingly intelligent, but manifest a lively regard for each other's welfare, as the following incident well illustrates. It is taken from Mr. Belt's "Naturalist in Nicaragua":

One day while watching a small column of these foraging ants, I placed a little stone on one of them to secure it. The next that approached, as soon as it discovered its situation, ran back in an agitated manner to communicate the intelligence to the others. They rushed to the rescue. Some bit at the stone, and tried to move it; others seized the prisoner by the legs, and tugged with such force that I thought its legs would be pulled off, but they persevered till they got the captive free.

Pleasantries.

If there is any one who should be "rapped in slumber," it is the man who snores. *Exchange.*

After running a lawn-mower for an hour, this morning, he remarked that if ever he had said anything derogatory to mowing of the snow-shovel, he would most willingly take it back.—*Springfield Union.*

Young Student Physician (to charity patient): "I—I think you must have a—a—some kind of a—a fever; but—our class has only gone as far as convulsions. I'll come again in a week."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mamma—"What are you doing Ned?" Ned—"You told me that when I felt angry with you I must count ten." Mamma—"Well?" Ned—"I've counted 737 and I am just as mad as I was before."—*Tid Bits.*

There has been a drop of \$500 in the price of elephants for menagerie purposes, and it is expected that prices will go still lower. Don't lay in your fall and winter elephant until you know that rock bottom has been reached.—*Chicago Herald.*

There is a good deal of food for contemplation in the remark attributed to a Pacific Coast Chinaman. He was taken to see one of the booming new towns, where all the outlying country was laid out in city lots, and he took it all in. When he returned home he was asked what he thought of it, and he answered, "Too much by and by."—*Hartford Courant.*

Architect: "Have you any special features you want incorporated in the designs for your mansion?" Mr. Moneybags: "H'm! Not perticklar. Only I must have the two halls that I hear so much about nowadays." Architect (inquiringly): "The two halls?" Mr. Moneybags: "Yes; the long hall and the short hall, doncher know."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A dear little Chicago boy was watching the fireworks in the early evening of the Fourth, when his attention was attracted to the full moon which had just come into sight over the tops of the houses, but which was obscured a little later by the smoke from some whizzing rockets. When it came in sight again he exclaimed, "I shouldn't think God would like to have His nice sky spoiled by all this smoke!" His elders said Amen!

THE MESSENGER.

Rev. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., Editor-in-Chief.
 Rev. D. B. LADY,
 Rev. C. S. GERHARD,
 Rev. J. S. KIEFFER, D. D., } SYNDICAL EDITORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the Office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscript.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1887.

Dr. Aughinbaugh writes us that the Conference of the Brethren recently held at Mercersburg, was edifying and profitable in every way. We hope to get some account of it from the officers.

It is said that the membership of the Knights of Labor has decreased forty per cent. during the last year. The difficulties are within their own organization. Not only have the many been tyrannized by the few; but the socialistic element is getting to be the strongest. Sensible men seeing that their true interests are endangered will withdraw from the order and seek some other solution for the inequalities of which they complain.

Some of the English churchmen are getting things down to a fine point. The ritualistic party can indulge in certain practices only when the church is dark, but if they choose to do it then there is no law against it. One of their prelates is willing to allow them to get through that loop hole, as witness the following: "In reply to a letter remonstrating with the Bishop of Winchester (Harold Browne) for his intention of consecrating a church at Burley, the bishop writes: 'It is not possible for me to forbid anything that is not illegal. It has been pronounced by the courts legal to have candlesticks with candles in them on a ledge above the Holy Table if the candles are only lighted when there is need of light in the church. It has been pronounced to be legal to have a cross on a shelf and other ornaments. What they have to do with worship I do not know.'"

The funeral of M. Depretis, the late Italian Premier, which took place on the 4th inst., at Stradella, was attended by twenty thousand persons, who vied with one another in showing honor to his remains. King Humbert sent wreaths to be placed on his coffin, but there was no religious service owing to the fact that the clergy had been ordered to refuse him the rites of Christian burial. The ground of this refusal was that he had already been refused the last sacraments, and this again was because of the part he took in wresting the temporal power from the Pope. It will be remembered that some such caper was tried when the late king of Italy died, and that his body found a resting-place not in any church proper, but in the Pantheon, where the people still keep it covered with immortelles. In that case, however, the Pope was not able to maintain the ban of excommunication, and in both cases we see from popular demonstrations how out of harmony the action of the Vatican is with Italian sentiment. Victor Immanuel and Signor Depretis, we suppose, are among those whom Dr. McGlynn says can be saved without having candles burned over their biers. The pomp of burial was accorded them notwithstanding the orders of Leo XIII.

All Paris, and indeed the interest of the entire French nation seems to be absorbed just now by the proposed duel between General Boulanger and Mons. Ferry. The fight was declared "off" by the seconds because of the weapons chosen and the length of the contest—till one cried "hold enough." These were incompatible with the chivalry of the occasion. It is said that during four days thirty-six daily papers devoted 1,015 columns to the subject, without satisfying the public. The wrong of trying to settle a dispute in this sinful and deadly way received but little attention. If the manner of this fight be all, the French savants might get a cue from the plan adopted recently by two Mexicans. The challenged party in the exercise of his right to choose the weapons, proposed that his enemy should meet him in a dark room where one hundred tarantulas of the most poisonous kind had been placed. The proposition was accepted, and when, after a given time, the doors were opened, both men were found dead

surrounded by the horrid spiders. The moral quality of this last method of vindicating honor is about the same as that of murder by the sword or pistol, and then it has the advantage of being novel.

The Only True Foundation.

The more one thinks of it, the more must he be convinced that the only foundation upon which he can build his eternal hopes is *Jesus Christ*. By this we mean that the primal object of his faith must be the actual historical personal Saviour. With that all right, there may be aberrations in doctrine—hay, wood and stubble, which will be burned away without endangering his safety, much less the Foundation. He may be a Calvinist, or an Arminian, but he cannot deny, without infinite peril, that the Eternal Word was made flesh and put forth the power of God for the salvation of humanity.

The wilful rejection of the Author and Finisher of our faith, cannot be made up by the acceptance of dogmatic theories, however orthodox they may be. A mere scheme of Biblical doctrine, held in the mind in the way of theory or creed, has no power to purify or save. Impersonal doctrine has no atoning blood, and in itself nothing to enable us to rise above sin, however important it may be when put in its true relation to Christ on the one hand, and our poor nature on the other.

Yet many earnest but thoughtless people, unconsciously subordinate the Person of Christ to what He said and did, as if the truth and efficacy of His word did not depend upon His Divine-human character which lies back of them. It is only in virtue of what He was and is that we can be sanctified by His word which is truth. Indeed, He said, I am the Truth, that is, I am in the constitution of my person the absolute truth, as God is the absolute truth, and as man raised up in me to conformity to God, becomes true. The words spoken by angels were sure and steadfast only because they were fulfilled and verified in Him. Redemption, which is a concrete reality historically accomplished by Him, is the fact that underlies the theory of the gospel, and unless we are grounded upon this corner-stone our theories will avail little or nothing. A man like Dr. James Freeman Clarke, to whose brilliant book we called attention last week, may declare his belief in the Resurrection of our Lord, but what does that amount to if he does not hold that in Christ resided the Divine resurgent power which alone was able to overcome the law of death and make His triumph available for that humanity of which He is the Second Generic Head. It was by this redemptive act that He was declared to be the Son of God. No one less than God could have effected it, and when once a man thinks that it could have been accomplished by a purely human being he runs into mere credulity which will accept more improbable things than the facts at which he stumbles.

A Stupendous Project.

The most startling report recently cabled from Europe is that Germany is preparing a grand continental alliance against England. Briefly stated, Germany is to take Holland, give back Alsace Lorraine to France by way of propitiation, and then under the ægis of Germany and France, Russia is to secure the road not only to Constantinople, but to a much coveted port on the Indian ocean between Persia and British India. It is claimed that Germany, France and Russia are natural allies and that their only enemy is Great Britain. Certainly everywhere in the East, and especially in the Balkan Peninsula, England is straining every nerve to create small independent nationalities into barriers against Russian and Austrian conquest. She is preventing Bismarck from placing Egypt under continental control and hindering Russia's development southward in central Asia which seems necessary to enable Germany to control central Europe.

Whether this new and powerful alliance will be consummated remains to be seen. Past events and present movements seem to favor the idea. Years ago the opinion prevailed in diplomatic circles at Cairo that the German Chancellor wished to lay hands on Holland and take possession of her colonies. It is noted as significant that Baron de Saurma, who urged that policy in Egypt, has recently been sent as

German minister to watch things at the Hague.

The facts and figures which show Germany's intentions on Holland we glean from a despatch sent from Antwerp to the Brussels Gazette. It says that the "Berlin government is about to construct just beyond the railway station at Sihpeld on the Dutch frontier, but on German territory, twenty-six sidings, each long enough to convey a train with 1500 men to the grand central line from Aix-la-Chapelle to Antwerp." This, with other preparations, would enable Germany to throw the 300,000 troops now in the fortifications between Cologne, Dusseldorf and Aix into Antwerp at the rate of 50,000 for every twenty-four hours. It is urged that with all her present naval manœuvres, England has ignored the possibility of an attack from the allied German, French and Russian fleet in the North Sea. She has provided only against French invasion coming from Cherbourg or Boulogne.

This is simply the military situation. The moral aspects of the question will involve a great deal of discussion. If Prince Bismarck intends to invade and absorb a sister nation by mere might, he will be following the policy for which he is complaining of England, and his success may be doubtful. If the Dutch have the old ancestral spirit they will open the dykes and drown the invaders as their forefathers did the forces of Philip of Spain.

A Call for a System.

The leaders of the Chautauqua school after teaching the Scriptures earnestly but in the most fragmentary way, for a long time, have at last concluded that there is an absolute necessity for some "systematic way by which to study the English Bible." The demand comes from many respectable quarters. The question asked is: "What book is there that would serve as a guide in studying along similar lines and by similar methods to those pursued and used in the Normal Class?" The answer is, "There is none."

To meet this deficiency a number of lectures have been delivered and these are to be supplemented by others which it is thought will cover the entire ground. Dr. W. R. Harper, who is at the head of the school, is to prepare the lessons and they are to be published in the *Old Testament Student*, beginning with September. Dr. Holm's, who is associated with Dr. Harper, says:

"The plan of these lessons is most admirably set forth in the following comprehensive statement of their leading features:

1. The Inductive Bible Studies will be in the form of 'Outlines,' with careful directions for work, suggestions as to methods of work, and references to the best authorities.

2. Each of the forty 'Studies' will occupy two pages of the *Student*, and each number of the *Student* will contain four 'Studies.'

3. By use of different sizes of type there will be provided for each 'Study' two outlines, a shorter and a longer—the longer including the shorter, the shorter being, nevertheless, in itself complete.

4. The course proposed will include:

- (1) The history of the period (1171 B. C. —586 B. C. by the chronology of our marginal Bibles) under consideration.

- (2) The literature of the period in its connection with the history.

- (3) The history and literature of other nations, so far as they shed light upon Biblical History and Literature.

- (4) The manners and customs of the times.

- (5) The more important principles of textual and literary criticism, and of interpretation which may be suggested by the material considered."

He adds:

"The fact is appreciated that with so much ground to cover, a large amount of detail must necessarily be omitted. It is believed, however, that upon the whole, this plan is the preferable one. The treatment throughout will be strictly conservative; the positive element, not the negative, will be presented. There is enough that is *certain* to occupy the time of those undertaking this course; there will be neither time nor space for dealing with the various critical hypotheses now current, except as actual matters of fact are affected by these."

"We are delighted to be able to call attention to such a course of study as is here indicated, and we sincerely hope that our pastors will seize upon this means of building up in the churches such a knowledge of our holy Bible as can by this means be surely secured."

We are glad to see that the esteemed and able brethren of the Chautauqua school are beginning to see the importance of some system. This necessity has been felt by earnest and learned Bible students everywhere, at least since the time of Anselm. We hope it may extend to those

who prepare the International Sunday-School Lessons.

But what is here proposed will after all be but the commentary of an individual, and the system will consist in bringing things into conformity with the "lines" already marked out by the Chautauqua teachers. These in themselves are wavering and fragmentary. The period of time covered seems to be cut out in a slice, and the knowledge gained of it, is by accretion from many sources. There is no central fact, no Christology, and there will hardly be any organic truth.

We do not see why Colleges and College Young Men's Christian Associations, "for whose use," Dr. Holm's says, these lessons are prepared, should have to resort to them, or that pastors should "seize upon this means of building up the churches." They certainly have something better than the "Inductive Bible Study of Chautauqua."

Decease of a Well-known Lady.

Mrs. Martha Bond Shafer, relict of the late Elder George Shafer, fell asleep in Jesus, at Annapolis, on Wednesday, July the 20th. This announcement will be of tender interest to many of the older ministers of our Church, who enjoyed her hospitality in Funkstown, Maryland, during her long residence there. That roof-tree was a noted resting-place for God's servants, like other homes we could mention. An obituary notice of Mrs. Shafer will be given next week.

"What shall I Do with Jesus?"

That was a notable question which Pilate asked of the Jews. There was a great clamor for judgment against Jesus. The judge was convinced of His innocence. His wife had sent a strong message in His favor. Pilate was in a dilemma. A happy thought occurred to him. It was a custom for the governor to release a prisoner at the Passover in honor of the Jewish feast. He would give the people a choice between Jesus and a noted criminal, then in custody; thinking they would certainly choose Jesus. But contrary to his expectation they chose Barabbas. Disappointed and bewildered Pilate exclaimed: "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?"

It was a notable question. And it admits of a broader meaning than that which Pilate had in his mind, and must be answered by every one to whom the knowledge of Christ comes. The question with Pilate was, Shall I release or condemn Jesus? Which of these two things shall I do? With all others the question is, Shall I accept or reject Jesus? Which of these two things, with all that it involves, shall I do? As those who take the word of God as their guide, we believe that men's destiny for all eternity, as well as their happiness for this world, hinges on the answer given to this question.

Pilate acknowledges his individual responsibility in the matter. He says not, what will we do, or, what will you do, but what shall I do? He felt that he was the judge. His wife might send him her advice, the Jews might give him their advice, but the final decision must be made by himself. So it is with every other individual who is confronted with this question. He may be urged by Christian minister or missionary to settle the matter by accepting Christ. The world, the flesh and the evil one may draw powerfully in the opposite direction. But he himself must decide what he will do with Jesus. No other can do this for him. The responsibility of the choice rests upon him alone.

There is a limited time in which to determine what is to be done with Jesus. Pilate had but a short time in which to make up his mind. Here were the Jews clamorous for His condemnation. He had convened them for this very purpose. It was next to impossible to put off the decision. We are in very much the same condition. The question calls upon us for an answer, and calls loudly, very early in life. So many other questions depend upon it. Will we spend our lives in the service of God or in the service of Satan? Will we build for time or for eternity these characters of ours? How can we tell until we have accepted or rejected Jesus? Every year we live on in an attitude of hostility to Christ it becomes harder to change to that of friendship for Him. We must make the decision while we live, and we do not know how soon our lives will come to an end.

We ought to consider ourselves very highly favored that the choice of our destiny is put into our own hands. It is an evidence of God's great goodness to us. We may feel at times the heavy responsibility resting upon us in view of the necessity of making this choice and the awful consequences which it involves. But how should we like to give the matter into other hands, and allow some one else to decide for us? The very thought causes a shudder. What uncertainty, what agony would fill our minds if we knew that even the best man living were weighing the matter of our destiny and that his decision would make us happy or wretched forever. No, it is infinitely better as it is. We have it all in our own hands. It is ours to say what disposition we will make of the claims of Christ and the Gospel. The blessed Father has given this power to us. May He guide us to a wise use of the wonderful gift.

The Battle-field of Gettysburg.

This memorable battle-field is constantly becoming more interesting. Occupying an area of twenty-five miles and completely surrounding the town of Gettysburg, its monuments rear their beautiful proportions in all directions, and tell their wonderful story. Year by year this grand historic spot is visited by an increasing number of veterans by whom position after position is accurately located. About two hundred monuments of all sizes, forms and designs, some of them exquisite works of art, have already been erected all over the field. Avenues have been opened along the principal lines of battle, and as the visitor is driven along these now silent routes, and one spot after the other is pointed out he can almost hear the sound of the musketry and the roar of the cannon, and see the gallant troops sweeping hither and thither over the sharply contested field. Besides the monuments, there are numerous sign boards, lately renewed, for the special information of visitors during the recent encampment.

A few weeks ago we traversed the entire field with a friend who has been over it so often that every spot seems to be perfectly familiar to him. We came into Gettysburg on the Chambersburg road along the very route which General Lee took in approaching the town, feeling his way along, uncertain of what lay before him. We saw where the first cannon was fired and where the ball struck, and then where the courageous Buford held the Confederates in check and gave them battle. We stopped and gazed reverently at the spot where General Reynolds fell dead, shot through the head by a Confederate sharp-shooter. Then we passed out through the town along the Emmetsburg road in full view of the positions held by the Confederate and Union forces, and began to realize that the formation of the landscape was such as to make the place a natural battle-field.

We turned into an avenue at the Peach Orchard, passed the Wheat Field and came round to the Devil's Den, crossed the Valley of the Shadow of Death, came to Round Top, passed on to Lee's headquarters, and examined the place where Pickett's men were repulsed, then came round to the National Cemetery and Cemetery Hill and finally drove over Culp's Hill and came out to the turnpike.

It was a long but exceedingly interesting ride, and as we came to the end of it the thought that was uppermost in our minds was, that whilst there was magnificent bravery exhibited on both sides, and the victory fairly won, "the accidents of war," as some would say, or "luck" as others would say, or as we think the Christian will certainly exclaim, "The Providence of God," was on the side of the Union forces.

On the first day the Confederates were victorious, but before they could take advantage of their success, night came on and they were obliged to wait for the morning. When the sun arose they saw Cemetery Ridge occupied by a mighty host. During the night almost the entire army of the Potomac had arrived.

Again, at the close of the second day, Johnson had forced Greene back over Culp's Hill and the Confederate troops, without knowing where they were, had come within a few rods of the Baltimore turnpike, containing the ammunition trains of the Union army, when the lateness of the hour compelled him to desist for the night, so that Providence seems to have interposed in the imminent peril which threatened the Northern army. Other instances also impressed us, but these were the most prominent, indicating how, when men exert their utmost energy and activity, Divine Providence is a co-

worker with those who espouse the cause of truth and right. G.

Communications.

Concerning our "Review."

There are several things in connection with the *Reformed Quarterly Review* which deserve more attention than they are receiving, and that attention should be given now.

1. Its list of subscribers. It is too limited. Too limited to pay; too limited to answer the object of the *Review*. The field of circulation for the *Review* should be our English ministry throughout the Church, a large part of our German speaking ministry who care to know what their brethren are thinking, our more intelligent, reflecting laity, and kindred spirits in other churches. We doubt if one-fourth of the number this would give us at present readers of the *Review*.

2. It will do no good to say that the *Review* is worthy of just such support as has been indicated. That fact has been shown over and over, and the subscribers have not been secured. The securing of the support is a matter of just as much consequence as the securing of the contents; and it requires substantially as much thought, skill and ability in the one case as in the other. And right here has been always our weak point in this matter. We must change our method radically. Instead of saying that the *Review* deserves support on account of its merits, which is true, we must insist, and proclaim it incessantly, that the Reformed Church deserves, and must have, a *Review* corresponding to its history, character and wants.

3. The price of subscription should be lowered to \$2.00 per annum, or 50 cents per number. This would go a long way toward increasing its list of readers. *Reviews* have an entirely different competition now from that which they had twenty or thirty years ago. Book, magazine and review knowledge can be bought marvelously cheap; and this fact reacts upon such a publication as ours. It must represent a very strong, definite, separate interest, if it is to be made to float at a high price over against the present tide. Practically it cannot be done with success, and answer any large important purpose.

4. The *Review* must be vigorously advertised, and systematically, too; partly in advance of its issues, and very thoroughly when issued. The former, we would suggest, might be done by slips mailed to all persons who might be supposed to take an interest in particular articles, and the effort to find out such persons should be continuous. The latter could be done by means of our church papers. The kind of notices to which we are accustomed never give the reader an idea, other than what is contained in the heading, of what articles really say and propose. It is all too general; awakens no interest. What is wanted is notices that will arrest attention; will hint enough to awaken the desire to read. The management of the *Review* should make arrangements to have this done either by the editors of the papers, or by others with editorial consent. And this in both our English and German publications.

5. The *Review* stands in the interest of the whole Reformed Church. Let this fact be emphasized again and again throughout our borders. Let its general scope be enlarged PRACTICALLY, it is all right theoretically, so as to cover the past history of the Reformed Church, distinctively so called, in all lands. Let a series of articles, written by one or several qualified persons, on the introduction of the Reformed Church into different countries, be one attraction for a series of numbers. Let the doctrinal contests in past centuries, written in the spirit of the philosophic historian, afterward form another. Let a condensed biography of great men, and their work, in the Reformed Church—not only, or principally, the Reformers so called—be a third. These examples as suggestions. It is wonderful how such subjects abound in interesting and useful knowledge, generally unknown. What has not the celebration of the centennial of Franklin and Marshall College done for us in that line! There is an endless wealth of history, truth and fact back of us, of which we are the legitimate heirs; an inheritance of which we generally have a very dim consciousness, and which, in consequence, we do also very little to impress upon others. The *Review* should be our American organ for this kind of knowledge.

6. We commend this whole subject to the attention of the able editors of the *Review* and the Board of Publication. Let them give it shape as they find the circumstances warrant, and bring the matter to the attention of the Synods at their approaching meeting. Meanwhile let our ministers and intelligent laymen think about the subject, and so be ready to give earnest, tangible support to whatever course may, by general consent, be found best. F. K. L.

The Election of a President.

It is not the election of a President for the United States of which I desire to write, but of the election of a President for Synod. It is always desirable to have a good and efficient presiding officer at the sessions of a Synod. Under a president fitted for his position the deliberations of Synod will be pleasant and the business will be transacted with proper dispatch. Such results are not apt to follow when the president is inefficient. Not all ministers make good presiding officers. Some have a very imperfect knowledge of rules of order and of parliamentary usages in general; others are deficient in proper executive ability; and still others are wanting in some other necessary qualifications in a good presiding officer. When I say this I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any minister or class of ministers. It is no disparagement to say of any person that he is not fitted for every position in life or in the church.

If it be accepted that it is desirable and sometimes important for Synod to have an efficient president, and that all members of Synod are not equally well fitted for the office, then it follows that Synod ought to exercise some discrimination and judgment in the election of its presiding officer. Persons should be nominated because of their known or supposed fitness for the position, and as a rule for no other reason; and Synod should then elect that nominee, who, in its

judgment, would be most efficient in the presiding chair.

But occasionally, and I may say rather frequently, it comes to pass that when the time for organization has arrived some member will name some one for president and ("if there be no objection") move that the Stated Clerk be instructed to cast the ballot of Synod for the nominee. The reason generally assigned for this course is to save the time that would be consumed by balloting for two or more nominees. I desire to speak a word against this course of procedure. I believe it to be wrong; and in my humble judgment the practice ought to be discontinued. In the first place the result is likely to be that the time saved by such summary election will again be lost many times over in the subsequent sessions of Synod. Secondly, even if the very best man for the place be thus secured, it is not giving the important matter of selecting a man for the presidency that attention and deliberation which the case unquestionably demands. The wisdom and judgment of every member of the body ought to be called into exercise in disposing of the question as to who shall be president. In nearly every case more than one person would be nominated if the members were given a fair opportunity to do so. When several names are put in nomination then Synod will have a few moments time for reflection and for making a deliberate selection. Thirdly, a serious objection to the procedure now under criticism is the "one man-power" exercised in the case. By the above motion one member virtually says who shall preside over the Synod. The entire body, of forced necessity, submits to his dictum. For after the motion has once been made, no one else, from fear of having his action misjudged and out of deference for the feelings of the person nominated, who may be entirely innocent in the matter, feels himself justifiable in raising any objections. The mover of such a motion takes an advantage of the remainder of the Synod which he has no right to take. Such, of course, is not his intention, for he generally means to do the Synod a favor; but his good intention does not change the character of the action. The only time when such a motion is proper and justifiable is when, after a sufficient time for nominations has been allowed, only one person is named for the position. Then the clerk may as well as not cast the ballot of Synod.

Another suggestion before closing. Why should not our district Synods re-elect their presidents for several years in succession? Whenever a Synod has secured a president qualified and fitted for the place, let him be re-elected and re-elected the second time. For he will be more efficient the second time than the first, and still more efficient the third time. In the matter of controlling a Synod one learns much by experience, and if the different district Synods pursued such a course, material would be created from which the General Synod, when it meets, could without much difficulty select good and efficient presiding officers. I believe the members of our Synods would do well if they gave the matter referred to in this paper some consideration. ALBERTUS.

Information Wanted.

Agreeably to the instructions of Westmoreland Classis, Rev. Ferner and the writer made a trip in June to Indian Creek, Fayette county, Pa., to look after the interest of our church there.

The old log church built jointly by the Lutheran and Reformed congregations about 1792, and weather-boarded in 1839, is still standing, but has not been used for church purposes for several years. The latter denomination ceased holding service there about 18 years ago, and the former abandoned it a few years since, having erected a house of worship in the neighborhood.

We obtained the articles of agreement (written in 1791) between the two congregations, also two deeds showing that their trustees purchased 37 acres of land.

Prof. Cort, of Greensburg, and the writer spent the three last days of July in the community, going from house to house, inquiring after members of the Reformed church, but found none. We, moreover, held divine service twice, notice thereof being given two weeks before, but not one person holding to the Reformed faith reported.

The Lutherans have sold their interest in the property, reserving the graveyard and an acre additional for burying-ground, but no disposition has been made of the Reformed interest.

Since there are no surviving members of our denomination to be found there, and no material for our church, our interest in the property should be disposed of. But in the absence of members and a trustee, how shall we proceed, according to law, to sell our claim? To what judicatory must we go? Can any of our ministerial or lay brethren give the desired information? If any of you have had a similar case, or know how to conduct such business, let us have the benefit of your experience or knowledge. A few words of counsel will be thankfully received, and may save time and money. Please write without delay to

H. S. GARNER,
Scottdale, Westmoreland Co., Pa.
August 4, 1887.

A New Church Dedicated at Saxton, Pa.

Saxton is a busy, thriving little town on the H. and B. R. R., midway between Huntingdon and Bedford. The Powell furnaces were located here a few years ago, and since then the town has been growing, and is now quite a good business point. We have a number of excellent people in the community, all of whom are still members of St. Luke's congregation. But the church of this congregation is situated in the valley two miles away. The pastor, Rev. I. N. Peightel, for a year or more preached to these people in the Presbyterian church in town; but for reasons, which need not be mentioned here, services could not be held any longer in that place, and even the Sunday-school union was dissolved. This led our people to resolve to build a church of their own; and they no sooner made the resolution than they set about at once to carry out this resolution by purchasing two lots, very beautiful for situation.

Hereon they have erected a fine semi-gothic church, in size 36x60 feet, with a tower on the corner 80 feet in height, a pulpit re-

cess in the rear, and stained glass in the windows. The walls are of brick; the interior, including ceiling, wainscoting, and pews, are of ash. A beautiful pulpit and altar were presented by the pastor and his good wife. The church cost somewhat over \$4000, and, though there is no organization as yet, it is paid for.

The dedication took place on Sunday, July 24th. On Saturday evening previous Rev. E. W. Kremer, of Bedford, preached an interesting sermon to a large congregation. Sunday morning Rev. C. U. Heilman, of Alexandria, preached from Hag. ii. 6—9, and afterwards, at his invitation, the friends of the church made provision for the greater part of the remaining indebtedness. The consecrating service was then read by the pastor. In the evening Rev. C. J. Musser preached, and what remained of the morning's work, in the way of receiving contributions, was completed. Though this was the warmest day of a very warm season the church, morning and evening, was full to overflowing.

In conclusion it is only proper in this place to speak of other work done in this charge during the pastorate of Bro. Peightel. The writer himself has been invited to the dedication of three new churches erected under his supervision during the past four years. Besides this church building much other work has been done. The old parsonage was remodelled, and when it burned away before it was completed, a new one was built. All the old church property has been replaced by new, even to stable and fences.

This is a good showing, and speaks well for pastor and people. They are not many in number, nor rich; but they have willing hearts. And what they have done, has only strengthened them. Exercise in doing and giving is a good thing. What they have done in this building at home makes them all the more ready now to help in that work away from home which the church needs so much. The work of missions and education, in which they have done well, will prosper only the more in their midst. C. J. M.

Picnic at Enoch Brown Park, Greencastle, Pa.

The *Greencastle Press* gives an interesting account of a Union Picnic held at "Enoch Brown Park," near that place, on the 4th inst. Fully two thousand people were present. The *Press* says:

"Rev. C. Cort was promptly on hand with a number of clerical brethren to begin memorial services at ten o'clock. The Mechanics band played suitable pieces at each moment, the Reformed Church Sunday-school of Greencastle and Union Sunday-schools of Upton and Williamson sang Dr. Harbaugh's 'Infant Martyrs,' and 'There's a Friend for Little Children,' etc., at the grave along with organ and cornet accompaniments. Rev. Dr. J. S. Kieffer, of Hagerstown, Md., read the hymn, Rev. Geo. H. Johnston, of Philadelphia, offered prayer, and evergreen wreaths were placed upon the monuments.

"The assemblage then proceeded to the grove near by, where the main services were held. * * *

"Rev. Dr. Amos Kremer, of Carlisle, addressed the people in a pleasant and interesting manner about the Indian school at Carlisle, showing what Christian civilization has done for the Indians in modern times. Rev. F. F. Bahner, of Waynesboro, then delivered a short and earnest speech, commending Rev. C. Cort and the Enoch Brown committee for earnest and faithful labors in behalf of the Enoch Brown monumental enterprise. Without their indefatigable and self-sacrificing efforts no Enoch Brown monuments or park would exist to-day and no such splendid celebrations would be on hand for the good people of Franklin county.

"Dinner was then taken in the grove by families and groups of families, after which the Enoch Brown Park and Monument Association held a business meeting on the platform at which a great deal of important business was transacted in a very prompt and harmonious manner. Rev. Cort was chairman; Capt. Robert J. Boyd, secretary. The chairman reported that the last unfinished work entrusted to the committee by the Centennial Convention of April 22, 1884, had been completed during the past year. This was the preparation of a manuscript record book containing names of all contributors to the Enoch Brown monument fund. Many schools and Sunday-schools had failed to contribute and others had failed to furnish a list of scholars, etc., yet with the defective data secured by the committee over 5,257 names of scholars, congregations and individual contributors were recorded, which, with introductory statements, index, etc., made a book of over 200 pages. This book has been deposited among the archives of the Franklin County Recorder's office.

"Another important work has also been accomplished by the committee which was not required by the convention and for which the committee or its chairman had to provide means on their own individual responsibility. This was the publication of a suitable memorial volume giving an account of the massacre, the erection and dedication of the monuments, etc. Twelve hundred copies in various styles of binding, some with and others without the memorial of Col. Bouquet, have been published. Nearly half of these books have been disposed of already and the cost of publishing the entire edition has been nearly met out of the receipts. The remaining copies will be a source of income to the association and will help to keep up repairs of the park, etc. This memorial volume has been circulated over a large part of the United States and copies have gone to Europe and Asia. In many respects this was a more important work than the erection of the granite monuments. It has embalmed the pathetic story of the massacred teacher and scholar in the pages of history and given them a memorial coextensive with Christian civilization.

"After dinner and music by the band and Sunday-school the people listened intently to speeches by W. Rush Gillan, Esq., of Chambersburg, Rev. George H. Johnston, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Dr. J. S. Kieffer, of Hagerstown. The address of Dr. Kieffer, on Aesthetics, won the admiration of all who heard it.

An interesting feature of the occasion was the presence of "Grandmother Stuff" in good health and spirits although in her 95th year. Rev. Cort introduced her to the lawyers, preachers, colonels, and many of the ladies

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present, which pleased the old lady very much. She knew Betty Hopkins well and told several anecdotes about her. Mrs. Stuff bound a number of sheaves in the harvest field this summer according to her usual annual custom.

The entire occasion seems to have been greatly enjoyed. "The committee of arrangements, especially Thomas W. Brendle and D. Harvey Barnhart, deserve special credit for hearty co-operation with Rev. Cort in making the celebration pleasant and profitable to all. Miss May Walter and Miss Clara Detrich, of Williamson, presided ably at the organ."

General Agent, Rev. H. K. Binkley, reports twenty-three new subscribers in the Meyersdale congregation, Rev. J. M. Schick, pastor.

Memorial Service.

St. John's congregation at Chambersburg recently held a memorial service in honor of their deceased pastor, Rev. M. Z. Hittel. The church was draped in mourning and an appropriate discourse was preached by Rev. A. P. Long.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted: WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, the Father of us all, to remove unto Himself our beloved pastor, M. Z. Hittel, by death, therefore be it

Resolved, That while the members of St. John's Reformed church deeply feel his loss and regret to be deprived of his fellowship in the church we gratefully bow to the will of our Heavenly Father above.

We would respectfully testify to his earnest Christian labor in our midst. In the pulpit he was eloquent and forcible, his pastoral duties among the families and members were pleasant and welcome to us all; at the bedside of the sick and afflicted he spread the

Continued on 8th Page.

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We would call attention to the following books that have been recently published, and are for sale by us at the prices named, post-paid:

Historic Manual of the Reformed Church in the U. S., Rev. J. H. Dubbs, D.D., \$1.50

The Substantial Philosophy, Rev. J. I. Swander, D.D., \$1.50

Letters to Boys and Girls about the Holy Land and the First Christmas, Rev. Theodore Appel, D.D., .75

Lord's Portion, Rev. H. Harbaugh, D.D., Paper, .25

Service Book & Hymnal, Rev. W. F. Lichliter, Plain Muslin, .25

A Treatise on Baptism, Rev. J. J. Leberman, .60

Recollections of College Life, Rev. Theodore Appel, D.D., 1.25

Beginnings of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in the U. S., Rev. Theodore Appel, D.D., Paper, .50

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A Child's Life of Christ, Rev. C. Z. Weiser, D.D., 1.00

The Gospel Call, Book of Sermons by Rev. J. K. Millett, deceased; edited by Rev. C. S. Gerhard, 1.50

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Miscellaneous.

On the Shore.

Beyond those sunset bars of gold,
Which light the waves of the purple sea,
Near the crystal river, the pearly gate,
I know you are watching and waiting for me.

Not weary, not fearful, for time with you
Is never measured by lingering years,
And the golden points on the dial's face
Are numbered by smiles, and not by tears.

To-night, as I walk on the lonely shore,
And list to the mournful surges' beat,
I think of the music that falls on your ear,
Of the beautiful blossoms that lie at your feet.

And 'tis joy to know that no grief of mine
Can darken a brow so bright and fair;
Yet I sometimes fancy my spirit can feel
A gleam from the glorious radiance there.

A boat will lie shortly on yonder wave,
The boatman be drawing toward the shore;
His call of warning I soon shall hear,
And the soft, low splash of his ready oar.

He will bear me safely, his arm is strong,
Till the walls of the golden gate I see;
And when I reach it your task is done,
There is no more watching and waiting for me.

—Argosy.

Selections.

When justice is doubtful, I should lean to the side of mercy.—*Don Quixote.*

No fountain so small but that Heaven may be imaged in its bosom.—*Hawthorne.*

A man's home and fireside are the sweetest of all human possessions.—*Xenophon.*

How profitless to sigh,
Had I been two, another and myself,
Our head would have overlooked the world!
—*Browning.*

Mayhap it is wrong to call that death which is rather the end of man's mortality than of his life.—*Pliny.*

The things of this world, like Absalom's mule, run away and leave us when we have most need of them.

The sunny side of life is above the cares of the world, with the heart near the cross and the face turned to God.

Music may surpass our powers; harmony and the communion of saints even we ourselves also can compass.—*C. G. Rossetti.*

No good man is entirely wrong,
And none entirely right. The truth is vast,
And never was there creed embraced it all.
—*W. W. Story.*

Personal.

Queen Margherita of Italy has collected a large Hebrew library, with the latest works on Jewish literature. She is proficient in Hebrew.

McLaughlin, the wealthy jockey, is having a successful season. He is said to be worth \$150,000, well invested, and makes from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year.

Dr. Abel Stevens, the historian of Methodism, and formerly editor of the Christian Advocate, has reached California on a round-the-world trip. He has spent many years in Continental Europe.

President Fairchild of Oberlin College is in his 70th year and desires to resign his position. The trustees urge him to remain, but in the event of his resignation will continue the payment to him during his life of his present salary.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Nevin celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on the evening of July 6th, at their home in Philadelphia. From 8 o'clock to 11 the house was filled with guests offering their congratulations. Of their seven children six were present with ten grandchildren. The house was adorned tastefully, and the golden-wedding remembrances were numerous. Letters of congratulation came from all parts of the country.

Dorothea L. Dix, who acquired a national reputation for efforts in relieving the condition of the pauper criminal and insane classes of the country, died at the Trenton Asylum, July 19th, aged about eighty-five years. She was instrumental in having the asylum founded, and many others throughout America. While visiting Trenton about five years ago she was taken ill, and the State authorities, in acknowledgment of her services, offered her a home for life at the Trenton institution, which she accepted. In 1848 Miss Dix petitioned Congress for an appropriation of public lands to endow hospitals for the insane in the States, and in 1854 a bill was passed granting ten million acres, but the bill was vetoed by President Pierce. She was born at Worcester, Mass., but for many years was a resident of Boston, to which place her remains were taken for interment.

Science and Art.

George W. Childs of Philadelphia has promised a new pulpit and a memorial window in memory of President Grant to St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in the old village of Long Branch. The window will be seven feet wide and fourteen feet high, and of imported glass.

A movement has been inaugurated among the leading business men of Buffalo to raise a fund of \$100,000, which will be offered as a prize for the best invention for utilizing the

water power of Niagara River. The competition will be open to the world. Several prominent citizens have already subscribed \$1000 each toward the fund.

Turner's great picture "Antwerp," which belongs to the painter's third period, when his tendency toward brilliancy of light began to show itself clearly, recently brought \$34,125 in London. It was shown in the Royal Academy in 1833 and valued at \$1000, but was not sold at that price. After remaining eleven years in the painter's studio it was sold to E. Bicknell for \$1575. The last time it came on the market was in 1863, when it brought \$15,000.

Cultivated in groves, the average growth in twelve years of several varieties of hard wood has been ascertained to be about as follows: White maple reaches 1 foot in diameter and 30 feet in height; ash, leaf maple or box elder 1 foot in diameter and 20 feet in height; white willow, 18 inches and 40 feet; yellow willow, 18 inches and 35 feet; Lombardy poplar, 10 inches and 40 feet; blue and white ash, 10 inches and 25 feet; black walnut and butternut, 10 inches and 20 feet.

To drill holes in glass a common steel drill, well made and well tempered, is the best tool. The steel should be forged at a low temperature, so as to be sure not to burn it, and then tempered as hard as possible in a bath of salt water that has been well boiled. Such a drill will go through glass very rapidly if kept well moistened with turpentine in which some camphor has been dissolved. Diluted sulphuric acid is equally good, if not better. It is stated that at Berlin, glass castings for pump barrels, etc., are drilled, planed and bored like iron ones and in the same lathe and machines by the aid of sulphuric acid. A little practice with these different plans will enable the operator to cut and work glass as easily as brass or iron.

Items of Interest.

San Francisco's historic "Sand Lot" is to be no more. By order of the supervisors of the city it has been sown with clover. Kearney is the proprietor of a peaceful intelligence office.

A hospital for animals will soon be erected in London, and at the same time free dispensaries will be opened, where the horses, donkeys, cats, dogs and birds of the poor can be treated when ill.

A dispatch from Geneva says: There have been severe snow-storms in the Swiss Alps. Six tourists, including three sons of the Director of Zurich College, have been lost on the Jungfrau. Several parties were sent out to endeavor to rescue them, but their efforts were not successful.

More than 3,500,000 passengers are carried annually in this country on street cars moved by electric motors. In Montgomery, Ala., electricity is used on eleven miles of road, and the cost is reported by the general manager to be only one-half the cost of horse power. Roads on which electricity takes the place of horses are found in Baltimore, Los Angeles, Port Huron, Detroit, Scranton, Appleton, Wis., and Denver.

At a sale by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson recently a copy of the first edition of Milton's great poem was disposed of. It was printed in old Roman letter, and strongly but not artistically bound in old calf, quarto. "Lond. Printed and are to be sold by Peter Parker, &c., 1667." The specialty about this "First Edition," which is a clean and perfect copy, is that it differs from that described by Lowndes, inasmuch as it has the first title page, but with the seven leaves of argument and errata immediately following. The volume was started at £10, the biddings running up rapidly until they reached £35 10s., at which sum it was secured by Messrs. Robson & Kerslake.

Among many curious customs peculiar to Siam none is more remarkable than that which prescribes that when a banquet is given, not merely the menu, but a fac-simile of the various plats themselves is to be previously submitted to the King. A few weeks ago a new hotel was opened at Bangkok, and the occasion was celebrated by a sumptuous banquet. The Bangkok Times, recording this event, adds that, "according to the old Siamese custom on an opening day, his Majesty the King received some three days before the banquet a fac-simile of the dinner served that evening. It consisted of eighteen dishes, which were all sealed up and despatched to the palace by an official who came down to take charge of them."

Miss Havergal's Death. Among deaths recently recorded in England is that of Miss Maria Vernon Graham Havergal. She is known as the writer of the "Memorials" of her sister. Only this year she wrote "Outlines of a Gentle Life," a record of the life of another sister, Mrs. Shaw. Miss Havergal was the second daughter of the Rev. William H. Havergal, M.A., Hon. Canon of Worcester. She was born at Coaley vicarage, Gloucestershire, November 15th, 1821. During her school days she gave herself to the Lord, and ever after lived for Him. For many years she was her father's right-hand in his successive parishes, looking upon it as her daily work to visit and minister to the sick and poor. When her father retired from active life in 1867, she followed the plain leading of Providence to a true home missionary sphere in the town and neighborhood of Bewdley. There she labored most devotedly for about ten years, her supreme aim being to win souls to Christ, while she ministered in many ways to the temporal needs of the people. On the death of her father's widow, she and her sister Frances lived together at The Mumbles, in South Wales, until the latter was called home, and there also she found blessed though quieter work. Since then she has had no settled home, though her headquarters were at Winterdyne, the home of her sainted sister, Mrs. Shaw, whose sudden translation to heaven is so recent, but nearly the last three years were spent with her eldest sister in Hertford, Sidmouth, and Weston-super-mare. For four or five years her life has been one of much suffering, which culminated during the four and a half months spent at Weston-super-mare. Those who knew her natural independence of character, could alone fully appreciate the beautiful patience and gentleness manifested in sickness and helplessness, as well as her unselfish thoughtfulness for those who ministered to her.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

To remove grease from cloth, mix four tablespoonfuls of alcohol with one tablespoonful of salt, shake together until the salt is dissolved, then apply with a sponge. Or, wet with weak ammonia water; then lay thin, white blotting or tissue paper over it, and iron lightly with an iron not too hot. Keep a piece of French chalk in the house for the grease spots that are always coming on children's clothes. Fine scraped and thoroughly rubbed in, it will often remove the spot. Or, lay it on thickly, and apply a hot iron with brown paper between.

CUT FLOWERS.—Cut flowers may be preserved fresh, it is said, for a long time in the following manner: Get a glass shade and place it on a non-porous vessel to form a stand; put water round the bottom to keep the shade air-tight; then procure fresh-cut blossoms, put them in water immediately, drop into the water in which the flowers are placed a small quantity of spirit of chloroform, and place the shade over them at once. The flowers thus treated, some writer says, will keep fresh for months; but one fresh condition after their four weeks' confinement; but the new preserving process is worth trying. Care should be taken to have all in readiness. As soon as the chloroform is put in, place the shade over them, and water always kept around the bottom. A large soup plate would do for this.

CHANGE WITHOUT MOVING.—How to furnish a room that it may seem cool and comfortable is a subject very important to a housekeeper. Linen covers are objectionable because so cold and dead in coloring and so inartistic in striped in colors. Few, comparatively, can afford to change their furnishing completely, and yet a room certainly requires different treatment in summer from what it receives in winter. The willow furniture now made so strongly and artistically admits of a change of decoration that will alter a warm, cozy winter room into a cool, delightful summer room. Plush and velvet cushions exchanged for cretonne, or leaving the furniture dressed only with pretty ribbon bows, will seemingly change the temperature of a room. It pays to take a carpet up and cover the floor with matting. It certainly is much easier to sweep, and is very much cooler. Matting is much improved if the boards are covered with corrugated paper. Thin curtains replacing heavy ones is another change that can be made at little cost, and the substitution of light table-covers for heavy ones. If the family occupy a house the year round, it pays to make these changes. It is almost like a change of residence, so different are the surroundings.—*Christian Union.*

Farm and Garden.

LIVE STOCK IN AUGUST.—Horses at hard work need special care, both in food and general treatment. They can not do hard work on grass alone, and should have a proper ration of oats. An occasional washing, in addition to drying and brushing will help keep the coat in good order. Use a cotton sheet to keep off flies. Water frequently and they will not drink to excess. Clean and sweet stables promote the health of the animals.

Cows often suffer from excessive heat while at pasture. Every pasture should have a shade. If there are no trees, make a shelter; a roof set upon stakes, and thatched with brush, will answer a good purpose. If a cow is sunstruck while in full flow, the amount of milk is greatly diminished, if not stopped altogether, and is rarely restored.

Sheep should have access to water, and be provided with shade; give salt frequently.

Young pigs require little beyond a clover pasture. Those intended for early market should have extra feed.

Hens set now rarely succeed with their brood. The poultry house needs special care in hot weather to keep it clear of vermin. Whitewash the sides and floor, applying kerosene to the roosts, and provide dust boxes.

Feed turkeys daily enough to induce them to return home regularly at night.—*American Agriculturist.*

Books and Periodicals.

Any of the books here noticed can be had through our Publication House, 907 Arch Street.

PHILADELPHIA AND ITS ENVIRONS. Illustrated. New edition of 1887. J. B. Lippincott Company, Phila. Paper. Pp. 116. Price 50 cents.

This work will prove interesting to two classes of persons, first, to those acquainted with Philadelphia, and second, those who are not. The first class will be glad to see so many familiar places pictured and described, the second will be glad to get some idea of prominent features of the city of Brotherly Love. The illustrations are very fine and the entire work attractive.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW, August, 1887. The present number contains the usual variety of interesting matter. It opens with a very able article on "The Alleged Failure of Christianity as Redemption," in which the writer, Dr. Adams, successfully proves, that while facts show failure only when compared with growing ideals, yet when compared with other facts of an earlier time they show the reality of a progressive redemption. Hamilton Wright Mabie affords us an appreciative view of Robert Browning, laying bare his many-sidedness as a philosopher and poet, and his intense love of the ideal in our confused and turbulent modern life. "Conditions of Labor in England" is the title of an admirable paper by Prof. Stoddard, who writes after a long residence and careful study. Anna Laurens Dawes presents in a sensible way "Some Sober After-Thoughts on Literature and Character," growing out of the controversy over Carlyle since his death. There are two fresh editorial notes. The first is on "The Prevalent Aversion to

Theological Controversy," in which the writer seeks some reasons for this aversion, as well as the conditions under which the conflict of religious beliefs promotes the progress of Christianity. In the second, entitled, "Two Months before Springfield," the writer expresses his belief that, as the meaning of Des Moines was the return of Mr. Hume, so the indications now are that the meaning of Springfield will be the commissioning of Messrs. Noyes, Torrey and Morse. In addition to the foregoing we have some interesting notes on the Nakshibendi Dervishes, a sixth contribution to a general view of Missions, and the usual book notices. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Yearly subscription, \$4; Single numbers, 35 cents.

There has just been published a book which is as interesting as it is useful. It is entitled "Construction, Tuning and Care of the Pianoforte," and is the work of E. Q. Norton, a practical tuner and repairer. It seems to cover the entire ground in all that pertains to the care of a piano, at the same time being very instructive and interesting in its description of the making and use of different parts of the instrument. All defects that are found in pianos are here fully described and the remedies given. The action of the piano is well illustrated; the strings, pedals, keys and other parts of the instrument are all included in the clear and concise descriptions, and the home care of the piano is admirably set forth, with instructions for polishing, tuning, etc. Learn how to tune your own piano! Send to any address, post-paid, on receipt of the price, 60 cents, by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

The notable features of the August WIDE AWAKE are the first of a series of sketches of Old Concord and a paper on Summer Sports, both illustrated. The village where the first battle of the Revolution was fought has been written and pictured and guide-booked until the subject is hackneyed; but nothing is fresher than unexpected news of a sleepy old relic. Margaret Sidney, the writer, lives in "Wayside," the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, next door to the Alcotts, a mile from Concord bridge, towards Lexington. Summer Sports is by Elbridge S. Brooks (late of the "St. Nicholas" staff), who shines in vacation as well as in his more accustomed work. Charles Egbert Craddock goes on a coon-hunt and trees a panther in the "Story of Keodon Bluffs"—her second young folks' story (both of them written for Wide Awake). There are long stories by Catherine Wood, Davis, Champney, Hopkins; short ones by Mitchell, Hart; poems, sketches, skits, biographies, peeps at the Zoo.

\$2.40 a year—a sample copy sent for five cents. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of Littell's Living Age for the weeks ending August 6th and 13th contain Louis XIV. and his Court, and Bishop Fraser, London Quarterly Review; Character and Ability in Politics, and Alsace-Lorraine and the European Situation, National Review; The Revised Study of Berkeley, and Monroe, Macmillan's Magazine; The Royal Duke-Doctor, Good Words; "Old Hook and Crook," and the Private Journal of a French Mariner in 1749, English Illustrated Magazine; The Charm of Pomp, The Pleasures of Travel, and Persian Hays and Prayers, Spectator; La Comedie du Jour, Saturday Review; At Church in the Woods, Pall Mall Gazette; Coconaut Pearls, Nature; with instalments of "Major Lawrence," "Richard Cable," "A Secret Inheritance," and "Mon sieur Silvaib's Secret," and Poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Literary Notes.

The Brownie poems and pictures, by Palmer Cox, which have become so familiar to readers of "St. Nicholas" magazine, are being collected into a book to be published soon by The Century Co.

The September "Century" will contain a number of timely papers in connection with the one hundredth anniversary of the completion of the work of the convention which formed the Constitution of the United States. John Bach McMaster writes of "The Framers and the Framing of the Constitution," and there are short communications on "Government by the People" and "The Federal Balance." The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of Thomas Jefferson, accompanying illustrated papers on "Thomas Jefferson's Home," by J. G. Nicolay, and "The Later Years of Monticello," by Frank R. Stockton, who has spent a number of summers near the home of Jefferson.

Married.

At Schuylkill Haven, August 2, 1887, by Rev. O. H. Strunck, Mr. Milton Meck to Miss Kitty Bausch, both of Schuylkill Haven, Pa.

By the same, at same place, July 27th, Mr. Preston M. Bodey, of Orwigsburg, to Miss Grace E. Beckley, of Schuylkill Haven.

July 13th, 1887, at the Reformed Parsonage, Salisbury, Pa., by Rev. J. M. Evans, Mr. Saml. H. Gipe to Miss Elizabeth Easton, both of Salisbury, Pa.

Obituaries.

Obituaries to be inserted must be no longer than three hundred words.

DIED.—At Mifflinburg, Pa., on Monday, July 11th, 1887, Captain William Fichtorn. The deceased was born in Lewisburg, and during the late war raised a military company, and entered the Union army. He was promoted from time to time, and served until the close of the war. It is supposed that the exposure incident to his life as a soldier, laid the foundation for his final sickness. At the end of his soldier life he married Miss Mary C. Reichard, of Mifflinburg, who, with their daughter Annie, remain to mourn his loss.

After marriage, he engaged in mercantile business in Philadelphia, at which time he united, with his wife, with the First Reformed church. He became an officer in the church, greatly esteemed by his pastor and fellow-members.

He suffered for a number of years from spinal affliction, and has been confined to his bed since the last week in May. On the 11th inst. he peacefully entered into his rest, after his friends, at his request, had sung his favorite hymn:

"There is sweet rest in heaven."

The services at the funeral, which took place at the residence of his father-in-law, in Mifflinburg, were participated in by the Revs. W. C. Hesser and L. M. Steckel.

Many friends send their condolence to the afflicted and bereaved household.

D. V. H.

DIED.—August 2nd, at Bear Creek, of cholera infantum, Cecil Nevin Sayre, aged nearly one year, son of Robert H. and Martha Nevin Sayre, and grandson of the late John Williamson Nevin.

"Brief life was here his portion;

Brief sorrow, short-lived care;

The life that knows no ending,

The tearless life is there.

* * * * *

"There God, our King and portion,

In fullness of His grace,

Shall he behold forever,

And worship face to face."

DIED.—At Hagerstown, Md., July 14th, 1887, Mrs. Susan Knode, relict of Hon. Wm. H. Knode, aged 73 years, 9 months and 9 days.

The death of this truly Christian mother was not long after her highly honored husband. The year was scarce half gone when she joined him in the other and better world. She was one of those Christian women whose honor and glory it is to be a true helpmeet to her husband and a true mother to her children. As such she has left as a legacy the memory that she was a faithful wife and a faithful, indulgent mother, and stood by the grace of God, to do her duty to those for whom she lived, and for whose comfort she labored as long as health and strength permitted, even to a good old age. The comfort of those around her was her only thought, and to this end she labored daily and yearly.

She was a faithful, earnest, and consistent member of Christ Reformed church at Funkstown, Md., of a quiet and unobtrusive disposition—of strong attachment to the church and her services, rarely, save when too infirm, absent from her place in the sanctuary.

Mother Knode will be much missed in the home, where she was a loving mother to her children and her grandchildren, and also in the church where she showed that she was possessed of a meek and quiet spirit, which is an ornament of great price.

She leaves a family of seven children.—Mrs. Rev. Dr. Reineke, Mrs. J. C. Hoffman, Mrs. E. P. Humrickhouse, Hattie and Ellen Knode, W. H. and Jno. L. Knode. Her funeral was largely attended. Rev. J. S. Kieffer, D.D., assisted her pastor. Interment in cemetery at Funkstown, where the service was held. S. S. M.

DIED.—Near Middle Spring on the banks of the stream which divides Franklin and Cumberland counties, on the evening of Saturday, July 16th, 1887, at the residence of her husband, Mrs. Mary L. Clever, wife of Mr. David Clever, in the 69th year of her age.

Mrs. Clever, during her lifetime, was a devoted member of the church, always in her place when the church door was open, and the time of appointed service at hand. She took great delight in the services of the Lord's house, and often during her last illness lamented bitterly that the Lord had laid on her such a sore affliction, that by it she was deprived of the services of the sanctuary. She fully realized, that while it is a great duty in this life to serve the Lord, that it is also a very high privilege to be permitted, as David desired, to dwell forever with the Lord.

It was her great delight to labor among the flowers—and so was it her delight to see the house of the Lord beautified by their presence. So while health permitted, during the summer season, she always brought with her into the church, a bouquet or cross of flowers, which she reverently placed upon the altar, as an offering to the Lord.

Hers was indeed a sweet Christian life, and the perfume of the flowers she wrought for the Lord was but an emblem of the fragrance she shed around her in her daily life, in the family and the church. The husband, now in the 79th year of his age, and comparatively helpless, and one daughter, residing at "Paradise Farm," near Hagerstown, under whose hospitable roof the husband now rests, survive her. May the good Lord, who doeth all things well, sanctify and bless this bereavement to their spiritual good, and help them to look beyond this vale of tears, in the hope of a blissful reunion, with loved ones gone before.

The pastor was assisted in the services by Rev. S. S. Willis, of the Middle Spring Presbyterian church, and the interment took place in the Spring Hill Cemetery at Shippenburg, on Tuesday, July 19th, 1887. J. D. M.

DIED.—Departed this life, in Montour county, Pa., July 24th, 1887, Elder Henry Snyder, aged 77 years, 4 months and 21 days.

The subject of this obituary, in the year 1827, when seventeen years of age, was received into the full communion of the Christian church by the holy rite of confirmation, administered by the Rev. Samuel Gutelius, of sainted memory in the Reformed church. For more than a quarter of a century was it his privilege also to fill the office of ruling elder in the St. John's Reformed church of Mansdale, Montour county. He was a man of integrity, faithful in his Christian profession, and conscientious in the discharge of his stewardship as an office bearer in the church. His last days were marked by sore affliction, which he was enabled, by Divine grace, to bear with childlike fortitude and patience. The end, at length, came, and was full of peace. Calmly did he fall "asleep," triumphing over "the last enemy" in the victory of the Christian faith. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him, as the most precious legacy to those who mourn his loss. May they follow his faith, that, at death, they may enter into his joy!

"Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!"

ALL SENT POSTAGE PAID.
Specimen Copies sent on application.

light and feelings of a Christian duty to God that eased the sufferer.

We would gratefully and kindly send our sympathies and prayers to the family and friends of our beloved pastor.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his parents and entered in the records of the church. That they be published in the church publications and also in the town papers.

CASPER WICKER,
AUGUST SCHULTZE,
Elders.
JOHN RENSCH,
ADAM SCHUCKMAN,
Deacons.

Church News.

Stated Clerks of Classes and Pastors will obligate by sending such items of News as will be of interest to the Church.

Our Own Church.

Pennsylvania.

Jonestown.—The members of the Jonestown congregation made their pastor's wife, Mrs. John Kessler, a surprise visit on the occasion of her birthday, on the 30th ult. They brought with them gifts by which they showed their esteem for her. The evening was spent pleasantly by all present.

Greencastle.—Holy communion was observed at Greencastle, Pa., on the 7th inst. Rev. F. F. Bahner assisted the pastor, Rev. C. Cort. Two were added to the church.

Adamstown.—Rev. S. L. Whitmore has accepted a call to Adamstown church, lately vacated by Rev. A. J. Heller. He will enter upon his duties in his new field at an early date.

Westminster.—Rev. A. S. Weber has resigned the pastorate of the Westminster charge. Resignation to go into effect October 1st, next.

Meeting of the Board.

The Board of Missions of the Reformed Church in the United States will hold its yearly meeting in the Second Reformed church (corner of Two-and-a-Half and Broad streets), Harrisburg, Pa., on Tuesday, September 13th, 1887, at 2 P. M. The Executive Council will meet at 2 P. M.

The following are members of said Board: From the Eastern Synod—Revs. W. H. H. Snyder, J. A. Peters, D.D., I. K. Loos, D.D., J. H. Sechler, George Wolf, D.D., and Elders W. H. Seibert and D. S. Keller.

From the Pittsburgh Synod—Revs. R. C. Bowling, J. H. Prugh, C. R. Dieffenbacher, and J. M. Schick.

From the Potomac Synod—Revs. J. O. Miller, D.D., T. J. Barkley, J. C. Bowman, E. R. Eschbach, D.D., E. N. Kremer, G. W. Welker, D.D., and J. A. Hoffbeins.

By order of Executive Council,
J. O. MILLER, Pres.
York, Pa., August 5th, 1887.

Pittsburgh Synod.

Eighteenth Annual Sessions.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Pursuant to a resolution adopted at its last annual sessions, Pittsburgh Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States will meet in General Convention, in Zion's Reformed church, Greenville, Pa., on Wednesday, September 28th, 1887, at 7:30 o'clock, P. M.

The attention of the Stated Clerks of the Classes and of pastors and officers of consistories, is hereby called to the rules of the Synod, which require that the rolls of the Classes and the credentials of delegated elders, shall be sent to the Stated Clerk of Synod ten days prior to the meeting of Synod.

Railroad Arrangements.

The Shenango and Allegheny Railroad will sell excursion tickets, at reduced rates, to Greenville and return to all who may apply for them at the ticket offices, on September 27th, 28th, and 29th, 1887.

The Pittsburgh and Western Railway makes the same arrangement, except that from other stations than Allegheny City, the reduced rate tickets will be sold only to Butler, Pa., from which point the delegates will purchase tickets to Greenville on the Shenango and Allegheny Railroad.

The Pennsylvania, Allegheny Valley and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads will issue orders for reduced rate tickets to connecting points for use of delegates and their families. These orders will be furnished to those who need them on application to the undersigned.

J. M. SCHICK,
Stated Clerk of Pittsburgh Synod.
Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa.

Notice.

Theological Seminary, Lancaster.

The Fall Term of the Theological Seminary, Reformed Church, Lancaster, will begin on Thursday, September 1st, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The opening address to the students of the Institutions is to be delivered by Professor John B. Kieffer, Ph.D.

Applicants for admission are invited to be in attendance at the beginning of the Term.

EML. V. GERHART,
President of the Faculty.

Notice.

The twenty-fourth anniversary of Bethany Orphans' Home, Womelsdorf, Pa., will be held on Thursday, August 25th. All are most cordially invited to be present with us on that day. Persons can bring their dinner along or obtain it at the Home at a moderate price.

Yours very truly,
THOMAS M. YUNDT, Supt.
Womelsdorf, Pa., July 21, 1887.

General News.

Home.

Disastrous Fire at Pittsburg. The most disastrous fire known at Pittsburg, Pa., for many years broke out in the heart of the city at midnight, August 12th. The damage amounts to about \$500,000. Shortly before 10 o'clock smoke was seen issuing from the rear of Masonic Hall, Fifth avenue.

The fire seemed to be in the second story, which was occupied by Campbell & Dick as a carpet wareroom. An alarm was quickly sounded, and the fire department responded promptly, but before they arrived the rear portion of the building was burning. In a short time the flames spread to Hamilton's magnificent nine-story building adjoining, and by 11 o'clock the flames had reached such proportions that the entire fire department of the city was called out.

At 11:45 Schmidt & Friday's building, another fine structure, nine stories high, caught fire from the intense heat. The Dispatch is back in its old quarters. The principal damage to their building was the inundation of their press room.

On Virginia alley, in the rear of the Masonic Hall, a number of tenement houses have been destroyed and twelve families rendered homeless.

Terrible Railroad Calamity. One of the most disastrous railroad accidents ever known occurred on the Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw Railroad on the night of the 10th inst.

A dispatch from Chatsworth, dated August 11th, says: The train left Bloomington last night for Niagara Falls on the Illinois Central, the intention being to go by that road as far as Chatsworth, and from thence by way of the Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw. The change was made at Chatsworth, in Livingston county, and soon afterward, as the train neared Piper City, a small town in Ford county, the bridge crossing the Vermillion river gave way, plunging the engine and several cars down a steep embankment into the stream. The cars caught fire from the lamps and a fearful panic ensued. On investigation it was found that nearly 100 excursionists were killed or injured.

Subsequent reports show that the list of killed and wounded runs up to one hundred and fifty.

A Peoria special has the following: It was a large and gay excursion party that steamed out of the Union depot last night over the Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw Railway. Its destination was Niagara Falls, and as it had been extensively advertised it drew largely from all the towns around here. The train consisted of fifteen coaches, including five sleepers, and was probably the largest passenger train ever taken out over that railroad. Two engines were required to pull it, but only one of these was attached at the depot, the other being sent on ahead and being taken on after the train had cleared the Illinois River bridge. A switch engine at the rear of the train assisted it in starting. Before the train started E. B. McClintock, one of the engineers, expostulated with General Superintendent Armstrong about the way the train was "made up." He insisted that it ought to be taken out in two sections, but his words were of no avail. The poor fellow is dead now, and probably scores of lives would have been saved had his advice been taken.

The majority of the excursionists were from Peoria, and included many leading citizens, while those who came in from the surrounding towns, being unable to secure berths, were obliged to seek accommodations in the chair cars or day coaches.

The railroad officials were jubilant. The party was accompanied by Superintendent Armstrong in his special car, and with him, besides others, were the wife and daughter of H. D. Gould, the General Freight and Passenger Agent. The party was in the best of spirits, and enthusiasts pronounced it the most successful excursion that ever left the city. Nothing further was heard of the train till about two this morning, when the awful intelligence came that it had been wrecked between Chatsworth and Piper City, seventy-one miles from here. Horror seized the town. A relief train was at once sent out, and the three hours ride brought the rescuers to a scene of anguish and ruin that baffles all description.

It was not till 4 o'clock this afternoon that the first train arrived from the scene of the calamity. Every possible arrangement had been made to take care of the wounded who should be brought in, and an anxious crowd of thousands thronged in and around the depot. The train however, only brought in those who were uninjured and a few of those who had been least hurt. But five coaches of the fifteen that had gone out came back. It is said that very few of the bridges on the Toledo, Peoria and Western Railroad can stand the strain of two such heavy engines as drew this train, and this seems to be borne out by the fact that the railroad officials did not deem it best to trust both engines on the bridges across the river here. The awful calamity occurred on a comparatively small culvert about ten feet long and not more than twelve high. The engineer on the head engine saw the fire as he neared the bridge, but it was too late. He saw that the culvert itself was ablaze, and upon this tottering structure the train plunged, going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The first engine passed over the chasm safely. The second went into the ditch, burying and killing McClintock, the engineer. In, after it, came the rest of the train, all the coaches, except the sleepers, piling on and telescoping. For an instant after the sound of crushing timbers all was still. Then from out the awful silence rose groans and cries of agony. Flames leaped into the darkness, and, a storm arising, the wind and rain but added terrors and dismay to the awful scenes. Even in her cruelty Fate was lenient, for she willed that most of those who were killed should die instantly.

Acknowledgments.

Bethany Orphans' Home, Womelsdorf, Pa.
Per Mrs. M. Chidsey, from Infant School of Third Street Ref. ch., Easton, Pa., Rev. H. M. Kieffer, pastor,
\$19 34

Rev. N. S. Strasburger, D.D., treas. Cl. of Lehigh, from Salem cong., Allentown, Pa., Rev. A. J. G. Dubbs, D.D., pastor, 30.87; Sunday-school, do., 40.79; from St. John's cong., Allentown, Pa., Rev. S. G. Wagner, D.D., pastor, 40.00;
From D. E. Yung, Weatherly, 1.00;
Per S. B. Weaver, treas. of Third Street Ref. S. S., Easton, Pa., 54.00;
From unknown friend, Reading, Pa., 16.00;
Allegheny chge. Rev. M. L. Fritch, pastor, Brownsville Ref. ch., Rev. S. Schweitzer, pastor, 13.50;
Per Rev. L. K. Derr, from S. S. of Zion's Ref. ch., Reading, Pa., coll. on Children's Day, 5.12; from a friend, 1.00,
\$229 64

Thankfully received,
C. G. Gross, Treasurer.
3716 Haverford Ave., Phila., Pa.
From Messrs. Leinbach & Bro., Reading, Pa., boys clothing, valued \$21.25;
Dr. A. B. Dundore, medical services, \$3.50.
Thankfully received,
THOMAS M. YUNDT, Superintendent.

Philadelphia Markets.

Wholesale Prices.

Monday, August 15, 1887.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour, Super, \$2.50@2.75; winter, extra, \$3.25; Pennsylvania, family, \$3.50@3.75; Pennsylvania, roller process, \$4.45; Western winter clears, \$4.45; do. straight, \$4.15@4.40; do. patent, \$4.50@4.75; Rye Flour, \$2.65@2.75 per bar.
WHEAT.—Sales 1500 bushels steamer No. 1 Pennsylvania red soft and in elevator, at 85c; No. 2 Delaware red, 83c; No. 3 red do. 79½c; August, 79½c; September, 80½c; October, 82c.
CORN.—Sales of 600 bushels No. 3 mixed in grain depot, 54c; August, 52c; September 50½c; October, 50½c; November, 50½c.
OATS.—Sales of a cars No. 2 white at 34½c; 1 car choice do. at 39½c; August, 34c; September, 34c; October, 35c; November, 36½c.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at \$16; family Pork, at \$16.50@17.50; as to weight; shoulders in salt, 6½c; do. smoked, 7c; breakfast bacon, 10@11c; Loose butchers' Lard, 5½@6½c; prime steam do. \$7@7.12½; city refined do. 7½@8c; Beef Hams, \$20@21; smoked beef, 14@16c; sweet pickled hams, 11@12½c; as to average; city family beef, \$8.50@10 per bar. City Tallow in hogsheads, 3½c.

POULTRY.—We quote live fowls 12@13c; live springers, 14@16c; as to size; dressed chickens, 14@15c; dressed spring chickens, 15@18c.
BUTTER.—We quote cream ry fancy, 25c; do. fair to choice, 22@24c; creamery prints, 27c; do. fair to prime, 24@26c.

EGGS.—Sales of Penna. and near by fresh, 17c; for Western fancy 16@16½c.
CHEESE.—We quote New York full-cream fancy, 12c; do. do. prime to choice 11@11½c; Ohio flats, fancy, 10@10½c; Pennsylvania, part skims, 3@3½c, and full skims, 1@1½c, as to quality.
REFINED SUGARS.—Powdered, 6 1/16@6 1/8c; granulated, 5 1/16@5 1/8c; Crown A. 6c; crystal A. 5½c; confectioner's A. 5 1/8c.

COTTON.—10½c for middling uplands.
HAY AND STRAW.—We quote Timothy, choice, at \$14.50@15; do. fair to good, \$12.50@13.50; Rye Straw, \$12.50 for straight without wood.

FEED.—We quote Winter Bran at \$15.60@15.70 for fair to fancy.
PETROLEUM.—6½c for 70 Abel test in barrels, and 8½c for 120 test in plain cases.

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JESSE W. ENGLISH, Clayton, N. J."

For full particulars address
Prof. E. S. JOHNSTON,
Institute: 11th and Spring Garden Streets, Philadelphia.

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Soon becomes dry, harsh, coarse, and full of dandruff; it loses vitality and turns prematurely gray, or falls out rapidly and threatens early baldness. A careful dressing daily with Ayer's Hair Vigor—the best preparation for the purpose—will preserve the hair in all its luxuriance and beauty to a good old age.

"My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delaware, Ill., "but after using only half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy. I cannot express the gratitude I feel."

Frederick P. Coggeshall, Bookseller, 51 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Some six or seven years ago my wife had a severe illness, in consequence of which she became almost entirely bald and was compelled to wear a wig. A few months since she began to apply Ayer's Hair Vigor to the scalp, and, after using three bottles, has a good growth of hair started all over her head. The hair is now from two to four inches long, and growing freely. The result is a most gratifying proof of the merit of your admirable preparation."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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The balance of the
Colored Figure Lawns, 2½c.
The balance of the
20 Cent Satines, 12½c.
The balance of the
15 Cent Satines, 8½c.
(These latter Satines little imperfect.)

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E. O. THOMPSON, & 908 Walnut St.

WOOD'S
Delicious COFFEE! This can always be had at the "Wood's Old Dutch Java Coffee" Company, 133 N. 3d St., Phila., Pa. Ask for it. It is the best and most economical coffee ever sold. It is made of the finest and most carefully selected coffee beans, and is brewed in the most perfect manner. It is the only coffee that is both delicious and economical. It is the only coffee that is both pure and strong. It is the only coffee that is both healthy and refreshing. It is the only coffee that is both cheap and good. It is the only coffee that is both reliable and trustworthy. It is the only coffee that is both popular and successful. It is the only coffee that is both famous and well-known. It is the only coffee that is both loved and admired. It is the only coffee that is both praised and commended. It is the only coffee that is both recommended and approved. It is the only coffee that is both endorsed and sanctioned. It is the only coffee that is both authorized and licensed. It is the only coffee that is both certified and guaranteed. It is the only coffee that is both warranted and secured. It is the only coffee that is both protected and insured. It is the only coffee that is both defended and supported. It is the only coffee that is both maintained and upheld. It is the only coffee that is both sustained and reinforced. It is the only coffee that is both strengthened and fortified. It is the only coffee that is both consolidated and unified. It is the only coffee that is both integrated and combined. It is the only coffee that is both merged and assimilated. It is the only coffee that is both absorbed and incorporated. It is the only coffee that is both included and embraced. It is the only coffee that is both contained and held. It is the only coffee that is both kept and preserved. It is the only coffee that is both stored and retained. It is the only coffee that is both saved and conserved. It is the only coffee that is both protected and guarded. It is the only coffee that is both defended and watched. It is the only coffee that is both maintained and looked after. It is the only coffee that is both sustained and cared for. It is the only coffee that is both strengthened and supported. It is the only coffee that is both consolidated and upheld. It is the only coffee that is both integrated and reinforced. It is the only coffee that is both merged and fortified. It is the only coffee that is both absorbed and secured. It is the only coffee that is both included and protected. It is the only coffee that is both contained and guarded. It is the only coffee that is both kept and watched. It is the only coffee that is both stored and looked after. It is the only coffee that is both saved and cared for. It is the only coffee that is both protected and supported. It is the only coffee that is both defended and upheld. It is the only coffee that is both maintained and reinforced. 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